"THE YOUNG INVINCIBLES," A Great Juvenile Story, NEXT WEEK

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THE SECOND DELUGE; OR, A STORY OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

By AUSTYN GRANVILLE, Author of "A Fallen Race," Etc.

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CHAPTER I.

On a torrid afternoon in the month of June the city of Calcutta, the metropolis of British India, and the commercial center of the great continent of Asia, lay sweltering beneath the intolerable rays of the sun. In the middle of the river alone there was a where moored stem and stern, and not more than a cable's length apart, three or four sailing vessels and one Peninsular and Oriental steamer, laid up for the season, sat ignominiously upon the dun-colored waste. Some slight activity was observable about the decks of all these vessels, save upon those of the steamer, upon whose low poop a solitary employe of the company was taking a siesta, lazily stretched out in a steamer-chair. On the other vessels gangs of coolies, despite the intense heat of the day, were at work taking in cargo; huge bales of straw-colored jute, fat sacks of linseed, and vicious-looking, evil-smelling packages of gum, wrapped in gunny bags. Beyond the ships and seen indistinctly through their rigging and their upper sails spread out to dry—for there had been a smart shower the evening previous—could be discerned the glittering domes and roof of the King of Oudh's palace, in the pleasure grounds of which the wretched occupants of the menagerie that fallen monarch insisted on keeping to astonish foreigners with, cowered in the furthest corner of their cage, cold, thirsty and listless.

On the fore part of the deck of one of these merchantmen, under a canvas awning, two very young men sat with their bare feet in their hands, beating the rust off some links of chain cable.

The cable was a stubborn thing and one of the young men began to address it, as men will, unconsciously, as if it had been endowed with human faculties.

"You've just got to go the way I want you."

"Let me help you," suggested his companion.

"No thanks; when I make up my mind to do a thing, I want to do it entirely unaided."

The elder of the two apprentices of Messrs. Money, Wigram & Co., of London, England, sank down carelessly on the deck as well to beating his particular link in the cable again.

"All right, stubborn as a mule. Have your own way."

"Who talks about stubbornness and mules?" asked suddenly a cheery voice, apparently proceeding from behind the deck-house.

The two boys, for they were little less, turned quickly as a square-built, sallowy man appeared on the other side of the foremast.

"Who is the mule?" he repeated, eyeing the apprentices in a manner that betokened more than an ordinary interest in their welfare.

Then his face changed quickly and he added:

"Who set you boys at that task? My dear fellows," and his voice softened wonderfully, "you're not here to be at chain cables. That's not seamanship.

"Here, bosun!"

"Sir!"

"Put a couple of the starboard watch at this work, if it's really necessary."

The boatswain stared just a very little, and touched his hat.

Then he replied slowly, as one who has just received a severe mental shock:

"Aye, aye, sirrie."

"If you boys will hurry up," said the Captain, "I'll take you ashore. I'm going down to the Seven Tanks."

They were English boys, and the younger broke out in an old world refrain, "You and I have always loved you——"

"Stop that, you rascal," came from the Captain. "You're subversive of all good discipline. And, look you, young man," he added, "if you're not ready in twenty minutes, the gig goes without you."

The young fellows darted off.

"What are you going to wear?" inquired the elder of the two companions, when they had reached their quarters.

"Duck, nothing but white duck, the lightest linen shirt I've got in my chest, if that villainous Dhobee Walla hasn't pounded all the life out of them, and a straw hat," replied George Chalmers, which was the name of the younger of the two apprentices, "and you, Denman?"

"I suppose I must wear my uniform, Money Wigram's monogram, with an ancient three-decker under full sail through raging seas," replied his friend, with a half sigh of resignation. "Very brilliant and taking with the natives, great big sahib Englishman, and all that sort of thing, but decidedly uncomfortable, my dear fellow."

"Take one of my suits," suggested Chalmers, moved to a sudden generosity. "I find I've got two clean ones."

"Nothing of the kind, thank you," replied Denman, with sturdy independence in his tone. "Cloth's good enough for me. Rich devils like yourself, who can afford to run up big washing bills, can splurge around in duck and straw hats with puggrees——"

He broke off suddenly, turned to his friend, who was adjusting a cool-looking saber-like neckcloth about his well-turned throat, and asked, as if the idea had only just occurred to him, or it was one which he had had in his mind for some time and had only just cared to speak about:

He knew that the man was the Rajah.

"Say, Chalmers, your people are rich, aren't they?"

"Yes, I believe," was Chalmer's reply. The tone was one of utter indifference. "You're a queer fellow, upon my word."

went on his friend, smiling softly to himself. "What on earth did you want to come to sea for?"

"To see the world, to be sure."

"But you can't see the world as an apprentice on a sailing vessel. You can only see the edge of it. Putting into port here and there, and taking a peep at two or three cities and places isn't seeing the world. If I had your money and prospects I'd spend my time in Paris and London."

"What's the matter with New York?"

"There you are sure to have some adventure again. Paris and London wont suit you because they're too near home. As to New York, though, you'll get a chance to see that this trip, because we're going there with all this jute, and linseed and such stuff."

"Yes, I know that," said Chalmers, still struggling with his tie. "You see," he went on, taking up the thread of his friend's first question, "I came to sea because I got tired of the shore. They wanted to stick me into trade. Imagine me on a high stool with a pen behind my ear, Denman. Why, I'd sooner be mastheaded every watch or do a double trick at the wheel when bonita are plenty."

"Or suffer a spell of light winds and variable and then a hurricane," said Denman, and laughed Denman, who had been a year longer at sea than his friend, and had acquired a habit of using nautical similies which are so expressive when dropped from the lips of a landsman. "Yes, I can imagine you behind a counter. I can imagine you at a desk, and I can imagine you at the same time, the most miserable of beings. But are you ready?"

"Quite."

"Let us come then; the skipper may be waiting."

Denman passed out of the state room slightly in advance of his friend, and just before he reached the companion-way he looked back for a moment.

His eyes fell on the photograph of a woman which was tacked up on the bulkhead at the further end of the state room.

He put his fingers to his lips and wafted it a kiss.

It was the portrait of his mother.

CHAPTER II.

Chalmers and Denman went down the gangway ladder and took a seat in the stern of the gig.

"Another minute and I should have been off without you," exclaimed Captain Graham.

"And spoilt half your fun," retorted Chalmers, smiling.

The men straining at the tough, ashen oars laughed discreetly over their broad straw hats. They knew Chalmers was licensed to say almost anything he chose. Their superior, the second officer, would have been sternly checked by the squeezeshouldered sailor, standing in the stern sheets of the gig, directed the light boat towards the land cross-wise with the swift current. "Not a bad sort, that, for an apprentice," as they called him, it was a different thing altogether.

"We'll have to keelhaul you yet, wont we, coxswain?"

The side of the gig grated against the side of the chant. A carriage was waiting. But the top of the landing.

They passed through the dusky crowd which lined the ascent, pursued by requests for backsheesh and cries of "Bono!"

The rickety vehicle rattled away in the direction of the Esplanade.

Seven Tanks is one of the show places of Calcutta. They passed in through the spiked gates, and were met by avenues of trees with carefully nurtured flowers, and stopped in front of a large house.

"Could the Englishman and his friends be shown the house? Certainly, that was what it was there for.

With the peculiar pride that is characteristic of the Hindoo in showing off his city no greater pleasure can be given than the astonishment of the other race which practically rules it. And the Hindoo delights his visitors up a pair of beautifully carved marble stairs, with a series of well lighted apartments, with walls and floors formed of the same material. From an open window they caught a glimpse of a court yard with a fountain, while beautifully coloured birds flashed through the large palms met the eye at every turn. The great rooms were hung with draperies, and co-chinas and divans covered the floors, relieving the coldness of the stone and the panels of the walls were covered with mirrors and brilliant frescoes.

Chalmers was familiar with all the magnificence in an hour. Denman, thoughtful and inquiring, made the most of his opportunities. Chalmers was in and out half-a-dozen times with the elder to stay and see everything and then returned with the younger champ, compromised that awkward question by saying:

"Have you seen the maze yet, George? No; of course you haven't. Well, it's worth looking at. You get in and lose yourself, and you have to tip a native to show you out again. Just suit you with your extravagant ways."

The native, a tribe annoyed at the steadfast refusal of Christianity to be established, jumped at the opportunity of devoting himself to the elder sahib.

Yes, the maze in the house was much sought after by the English sahibs and their ladies.

Another native took Chalmers in charge and led him out into the open grounds.

After passing a few steps the servant halted. With a lean, brown finger he indicated the path that stretched in front of him, be seen, a mass of well-trimmed, verdant shrubbery, about a hundred yards distant.

Chalmers looked towards it. Anything was better than staring at curiosities in the shape of barbaric furniture and ornaments.

He had nearly accomplished half the distance, and was stepping across a broad and sweeping carriage drive which intervened between the palace and the object of his search, when the sound of an approaching horse made him pull up suddenly.

He stood quite still, listening with all his might.

He could see nothing, but the sound of the horse came nearer and nearer, it seemed with marvelous rapidity.

Whoever is on that animal is being run away with," was his rapid mental conjecture.

Suddenly he heard cries and the stamping and running of many feet, as a swarm of servants rushed out from under the gilded porticoes of the palace. The chief shroffberry hid the rider and the horse from his view but he knew that in a few moments they would be upon him.

A thought of his own danger never occurred to him. The young fellow's one hope was to get out of the way of the cries of the alarmed servants were pitiable in their intensity. They seemed to be the cries of a mother bird, who, robbed of her young, screams harshly above her vacant nest.

Then Chalmers caught a glimpse of the horse and rider, as they came around the corner of the drive like a whirlwind. The animal was tired down, flying at racing speed, and a young girl, still endeavouring to maintain her presence of mind, hatless, her long hair floating behind her.

Fifty feet distant a middle-aged man, a native richly dressed, and magnificently mounted, was riding at Chalmers' head to cut off the girl's horse, and clung there, holding on with all his might.

Then there was a sudden shock and he heard someone crying in English, "They are down."

Friendly hands seized him. He opened his eyes and struggled to his feet. His horse was unharmed. The entire universe seemed swaying like a swing through a purpling haze of bloodred mist, and he knew nothing further.

CHAPTER III.

Three hours later George Chalmers awoke to the consciousness of the fact that he was still alive. A dim idea floated through his mind that he had somehow been in great peril.

His eyes were still closed in the lassitude of an extreme weariness. He had a notion that it was his watch below and that the voice of the officer of the deck, who had just pounded on the door of his state room, was going to call him to the deck, and then turn out and do his duty.

This illusion was further strengthened by what he thought must be the flapping of a sail, though, as he lay and listened with closed eyes, he knew that there was no breath of the sea, assured him that whatever pieces of canvas had broken loose on the upper sails would be quite still. The sound—was flapping with a softness and regularity almost soothing.

Then his nostrils were assailed with a soft, pungent, and aromatic odour, and the theory was formulated, he fairly awoke, and becoming conscious of a dull, aching pain in his head, he opened his eyes, stiffed itself towards his lower extremities, he opened his eyes, giving vent to almost a groan of astonishment or suffering.

His glance fell upon a lofty ceiling, rich with fretwork and gilding, and upon the walls of the misty twilight which enveloped the apartment he saw the dim outlines of some richly fringed pukah, the motion of which he had mistaken for the refractory royal, which was still free with considerable motion of a piece of unvarying, well-oiled machinery, filling the room with a delicious and refreshing breeze. Following the richly-woven cord attached to its lever, Chalmers' eyes encountered the dusky figure of the motive power of the machine—a native, old, grizzled and wrinkled, who appeared to be enjoying a comfortable nap as he sat on his haunches, while with wonderful regularity he pulled the cord. The cord was held in his lean, brown hands. In the further corner of the room, dimly seen, another black hair braided on the naps of her neck, and her supple body enveloped in white muslin. She was crooning some low, soft phrases over a small fire of aromatic herbs, which filled the room with its delicious odour. Chalmers eyed the modern disciple of witchcraft with an increasing sense that something serious must have happened to himself, for he knew enough of the customs of the country to be aware that the incantations practiced. He knew then that something serious must have happened, must have occurred to himself, for the dreadful "danger hour" had called forth its votary. The remembrance of the events of the day had happened that afternoon flashed like a vivid panorama before him.

"Just like a girl," he exclaimed, "they should ride donkeys. They are never satisfied unless they are breaking their necks off of a dido."

But as the pain in his leg increased he nearly lost his temper and with the bluntness of a sailor, unaccustomed to ceremonies, he was about to call out to the girl in the dark, supple figure of the woman.

"Stay, you over there. Come here for a minute, wont you, I want to speak to you."

The woman took not the smallest notice. Waving her hands mystically, and uttering a crooning sound, she apparently continued her incantations.

Chalmers lost all patience.

"If you don't come here this minute," he cried, "there'll be war in the tent."

Then he added still louder, being by this time thoroughly out of humor:

"I suppose you can't understand a word of what I'm saying to you, you black devil."

"The sahib will please lie quiet until the ceremony is completed," was the reply of the native, spoken with a perfect English.

She flashed a pair of startling, gray-green eyes in the direction of the bed and added:

"Sahib will do best to keep sotto voce. His unnerved system has gone insane for the English physician."

"Do you mean my distinguished friend, the Rajah, has gone for the doctor?"

"Achaa, Sahib."

"And what do you think he'll get here?"

But the woman either did not hear him, or she knew her religious ceremony again interrupted.

It was from the bedside that a squeaky, quavering treble came with an odd, piping note, bleak and businesslike and conveying an evident wish to impart all the information that was needed.

"Wy, certainly, Sahib."

Chalmers looked down, and his eyes, not yet accustomed to the semi-darkness of the room, encountered the cheerful face of the punkah wallah, close to his own expectantly, yet respectfully, not a hair out of place, his white muslin garments neat, a fold of the spotless white turban in disorder. He was the very image of an old-time, well-trained, well-to-do native retainer, one of the kind that did not go back on their employers in the hour of trouble.

"Oh, you've waked up, you old chroma, have you?" muttered Chalmers.

"Yes, Sahib, I have."

"Then you can perhaps tell me when his honored employer, the Rajah, is likely to return with that doctor?"

"The Rajah is safely returned."

"Well, when will it be?" said Chalmers, impatiently. "I'm sure I don't care for this infernal pain much longer."

"Wy, certainly, Sahib."

"Can't you speak like Englishman, who was by this time suffering tortures. "I believe that's all the English you know."

"Do you not know the devils get me a person who can talk English?"

"Wy, certainly, Sahib."

Chalmers turned upon him in impotent wrath. "You old fool, Sahib, I'll crawl out of bed and strangle you."

"Wy, certainly, Sahib."

Chalmers was quite exhausted. Suddenly he heard a step on the verandah, and the soft sweep of a native garment. Between the spaces of the stunted, spreading palms which partly obstructed the entrance through the open windows. It was a very light footfall and there was something suggestively feminine in the swaying. Englishman recollected to have heard such a step but once in his life. And the scene flashed before him. It was a picture of his mother creeping to his bedside in the old days on the days succeeding a severe and dangerous attack of fever.

Being very miserable, and still boyish, and, in spite of his manliness with his limb, Chalmers could with difficulty repress a rising sob as the remembrance of his dear English home and his mother and all he loved there rose thus vividly before him.

He closed his eyes in the hope that he was unable to repress, coursed down his sun-burned cheeks.

Then a little hand was laid on his forehead and a voice which he thought was the sweetest and most musical he had ever heard, said softly:

"Don't cry."

CHAPTER IV.

Chalmers looked up. A little girl was standing at his bedside.

Chalmers thought would have been hard to conceive than the young Indian, her features, her complexion, her dress, contemplated with a glance of profoundest pity the drawn features of the man who had fallen by her side.

She could not have been over fourteen years old, perhaps she was even younger, but Chalmers knew little of the rapid development of a race whose females not infrequently become mothers before the motherhood at still tenderer years. Although Chalmers could distinguish out this child's figure with those telltale marvelous lines which suggest the dawn of approaching womanhood, there was the innocent face of innocence, the soul which shone in the liquid lustre of her dark-brown eyes, as spotless as a star.

Chalmers opened his mouth to speak, but she checked him with a wave of her hand and then by an imperative gesture.

"Sahib must not talk to doctor and you had better not exert yourself. In fact, those are his express orders."

Then with the inconsistency, she asked him:

"How do you feel? I hope your leg does not pain you very much. You know it was broken by Jug. Doolah-Shve set it, and I think he did it all right. It would be dreadful to have to have it set again."

Chalmers looked at her in astonishment.

"I should say so," he replied with conviction. There now dawned upon him a dim consciousness that he was suffering in a semi-unconscious condition some hours previously.

"Pam shot Jug," volunteered the girl, with a half sob.

"Who is Jug? Oh, the horse, of course. What made you call him that?"

"Jug is short for Juggernaut. Everything—Jug, you know. Short for Juggernaut."

Chalmers had to laugh in spite of the pain in his leg.

"You are a little unkind, I think," said the girl. "Jug was a splendid horse and a great favorite of mine."

"And would have killed you some day, very likely."

The young fellow put out his hand, and made an effort to get at the taper fingers of the girl, which were lying temptingly close to him on the coverlid of the couch.

"Do you want to hold my hand?" she asked, in perfect innocence.

And she hitched her chair a little closer to the couch, and let her brown fingers rest in his rough palm.

"I do that at the English hospital, It

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somehow seems to soothe the pain. Do you think I have pretty hands?"

"Distinctly pretty," murmured Chalmers. The study of the brown fingers with the pink, sun-shaded nails, was indeed a delicate, took his mind from the pain as it was throbbing and hitting away down under the sahib's bed. "You were in a fortune told?" he asked, suddenly.

"By cracks, yes, but not by palmistry, you know anything about it?"

"I am one of the greatest palmists as ever was born. I'm going to be a son of a seventh daughter," replied Chalmers, "and you know that implicit infallibility."

"Then you may tell my fortune.

"Not got a drink, either, have you?" me. Of course, you must be thirsty. Chalmers then perceived had vanished from the room, through the door the sahib's bed. "Did you say your fortune told?" he asked, suddenly.

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"Not got a drink, either, have you?" me. Of course, you must be thirsty. Chalmers then perceived had vanished from the room, through the door the sahib's bed. She had slipped out quietly during the conversation. "Did you say your fortune told?" he asked, suddenly. convinced that her charms had been tiative.

The vision in silver stars and black filtted around for a few moments, and floated back to the bedside.

"Here, take this."

Chalmers heard the hissing of sherbet and the clinking of ice, and felt at the sides of a porous vase, cold as the "Now, drink."

"No; you must not drink too much time."

"Oh, I beg of you a little more."

"No; not another drop," this time decidedly and with a firmness that intended to be very severe.

"Was there a stick in that?" asked Chalmers.

"Yes, a little B" or "

"Oh, I don't like it. We call it in this country," laughed the girl, there was a spasm in it, or a cramp, it. I put in a little brandy. The can't have any more, you see."

"Why not?"

"I have noticed it through life, likes of things one doesn't care if you run across anything that you take it.

Then he was about to take up the ton of fortune telling, when a heartain at the further end of the apfloated through the aperture.

"Is he asleep, Rana?"

"No, Sahib."

"Then you may come in, Mr. Wise," Then throwing back the curtain to permit the ingress of his companion Rajah of Raipor, followed by the doctor, who proceeded to the bedside.

Kissing the tips of her fingers at Chalmers, Rana left the room, and a few moments later the Rajah stooped over the couch, took the young sailor's hand, and his eyes rested on the face of the evidently overcome by his emotion gratitude to the man who, at the risk his own, had saved his daughter's life.

Not a word was uttered by either for a few moments, but there was a sympathetic sense." The look the native gentleman bestowed upon his guest was one of deep gratitude. Chalmers knew, without being told, that the Indian, a prince in his own right, a man of boundless wealth and influence, would go through fire and water to do him, an humble and slight-test service.

"Do not speak," said Hokar, his name was Hokar Juggernaut Banchah, Rajpor and Cutlesbe; "you have had a serious injury through your action. I shall not thank you. I words which would just convey t Doctor, will you make your exa

Twenty minutes later, George lulled by opium, skillfully admi the English physician, slumbered

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this following, by William Cole, M.
Chicago, published in the
Investigating Reports regarding the
ription from which this remedy for
was formed:

ring the examination of men for the army
ing our recent war with Spain, our United
es Government officials looked to find
large a percentage of men disqualified
ause of nervous disorders, that the pur-
of these reports to enter into a state-
of causes other than to say that the
ver is seldom to blame. His condition is,
deplorable, his memory fails him, his
gy is greatly diminished, his mus-
soft and his nervous stamina gone. He is
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and how dark the world is to him.
fifteen years ago the writer gave at-
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nson died and his formula has been obtained
Mr. Crawford from the estate. Marshall-
higan, who prepares it according to the
inal prescription, and from our analysis
the same, by our board of investigation,
composed of gray and fresh drugging,
that it is sold under the name of "Dr. Wil-
's Restorative Remedies." Our investigation
extended into a great number of similar
rations, none of which were found equal
the above, while many were prepared by
who boldly claim to know something about
se matters and to be authorities. We hereby caution
ders and all who need nerve-life bringing
dicines not to accept substitutes, but to use
Restorative Remedies, prepared and sold
Mr. Crawford, Marshall, Michigan, and unto the aforesaid Dr. Wilson's Re-
ative Remedies we add the official en-
ment of the United States Investigating

everyone who writes in good faith I
send the full formula of this wonder-
medicine. This prescription and full di-
tions are sent free. Have it filled, or if
prefer, you can have the remedies and
pare it privately just as well yourself
prescription will make a new man of
One trial will be enough to convince
of its marvelous power.
mong those whose attention has been
called to these remarkable facts is the
. J. S. Crawford of Waynesville, N. C.,
ery prominent divine, whose own vitality
shattered and who, with a flock of gray
money to quacks and charlatans who
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should do likewise.
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willing to publicly endorse and recom-
a cure of this kind, with the state-
it that they themselves had been cured
, but the Rev. Crawford has in him a
dead of true gratitude and love of
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hich he says that he makes public
ause he realizes that others may
e the same happy results.
re older now and can look back and
mistakes you have made, but you
recall the vigor and fire of the
e of robust manhood. Your trans-
have left their mark upon you.
rows and excesses have ravaged
stem and undermined your nerve
Quickness, backache, nervousness
stating drams and worn-out,

shrunken and lifeless organs are making your life a miserable existence devoid of pleasure. You hesitate with falter; you sigh not the man you once were, and you know it. Cast aside your modesty. This matter is too important. Act at once with manly decision.

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The Second Deluge.

(Continued.)

fully as a child in that darkened chamber. Mr. Wilson approved the wisdom and skill of the native physician, indeed said he couldn't have done it better himself. Chalmers' other injuries were of but little importance.

"He will do splendidly," was the doctor's pronouncements, "but he will never go back in the 'Prince Patrick' to England."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; she sails in a week. It will be three, at least, before he will be out of my sight. You forget, Rajah, they don't carry doctors in the merchant service."

And so it was that on the next bright morning, when the sun, just piercing the departing clouds of the night, threw with her golden rays the domes and spires of the City of Palaces, the good ship, "Prince Patrick," with Captain Jerome and the young fellow who had been the life of the vessel on board, steamed away, and when the muster-roll was called, for he lay slowly convalescing in the palace of the Rajah of Raipor.

CHAPTER V.

The Rajah, who was the lessee for the time being of the estate of Seven Tanks, rigorously excluded the sight-seeing public from his domain during the next three weeks, by which time Chalmers had crawled from his bed to the lounge, and though his broken tibia progressing as favorably as might be expected under the circumstances, was notwithstanding his patient that the Raja was the only portion of his anatomy which had sustained serious injury, he soon found out that there were other ills besides broken bones which flesh, which rashly comes in contact with the sharp edge of a reef in thirty miles an hour, is heir to. At times he felt dizzy and sick, and speaks in the outright than move his bruised and wounded head, and sudden pains racking his chest and extending up the cords of his neck and back, made him experience sharp mercurial twinges.

On such occasions he would grit his teeth and, call each locality as he was able:

"Rana! Oh, Rana!"

And the girl, who was never very far away, would appear, and, kneeling by his side with the most innocent dark-brown eyes in the world bent upon him with an air of solicitude:

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing; come back, Rana. Come and play a game of chess until I am easier."

Dr. Crawford Wilson, the Chicago Doctor Wilson arrived with a pair of crutches and Chalmers essayed his first flight, with the assistance of the native, elaborated Dr. Wilson died and his formula has been obtained cautiously, and Rana, with her brown eyes from Mr. Crawford, of Marshall, Michigan, who prepares it according to the dilating astonishment of the most intense kind.

"Why don't you give up the sea? You say you have plenty of cash, and a fresh drug-ging" asked Rana, one day.

The girl was turned around on his crutches, staring at her.

"Give up the sea! Why, I love it. Every single thing I have in the world is on the sea, me see, this is July, isn't it? Well, this Rajah and his people are 'Portsmouth, mother, sister Lottie, and even Tom—dear old Tom—though it makes him ill the first day out to sea."

Chalmers lay back luxuriously on the couches. Rana sat cross-legged as if she was about to leave the apartment.

"You must have a nap. Doctor Wilson says I must not talk to you, and you must have quiet."

"No, I'm in the least degree sleepy," pleaded Chalmers.

"Shall I bring the chess-board, then?"

"No; converse with me."

"I will sit here," said Rana, discreetly taking a chair at a little distance from the couch.

"That is taking a mean advantage of me," said Chalmers, "for you know I can't pursue you. Why wont you sit where I ask you?"

Rana looked up quickly, and their eyes met. The girl's sank before his ardent gaze.

"Because you are not to excite you."

He leaned over and tried to take her hand. She drew it away, murmuring:

"Do not be silly. You have got beyond that. I only allow very sick people to do that sort of thing at all sick."

"But think of the danger of relapse," he protested. "One of the chief things in the maxims of a successful physician is that a patient should be humored.

"No," she replied decidedly. "Besides, I am getting to be quite a young lady. You forget I am no longer a little girl."

Her dark face was a little flushed as she looked up at him, meeting his gaze steadily. She was thinking of the future that was coming a little quicker than usual. Her remarks had set Chalmers thinking and he lay regarding her in a curious sort of mood and speculating in his mind.

"A fortnight ago she was a child. Today she is a woman."

"Now you're very sensible," she said, suddenly. "I will give you just half an hour to chat in, and then I must go to my music. You shall tell me something more about your family."

"I've told you everything already," he replied, not thinking the subject quite as interesting as herself. "You know all about the old fellow, and I've told you what kind of a life they lead. It's the same humdrum kind of existence that I should have lead if I had been the eldest son—that is when I came into the property."

"And Tom will play 'squire now instead of you?"

"Yes; and he's welcome to the role," replied the sailor. "The life would kill me in a week. Just imagine one's ambition being bounded by the limits of the parish and being interested in estates and county families."

"Yes, it would be a pity, I confess," said the girl, mischievously, "when you make such an excellent vagabond."

"Thanks for the compliment, Rana, I'm the vagabond of the family. Every respectable family in England, you know, has a family ghost and a black sheep."

"And what does the black sheep do, ultimately?"

"It depends. There are black sheep and black sheep. Sometimes the black sheep puts everybody's nose out of joint by making a great hit, and marrying an heiress, or he may run away to Peru, make a fortune in the mines and return home in time to save his family from absolute starvation. He then ceases to be a black sheep and goes as a gentleman."

"And which do you intend to do, sir?"

"I? Oh, I'm going to be the latter. All the mines have been discovered."

"And what about the heiress?"

"The heiress, I'm afraid, is much in love with her into the bargain, I might tackle," said Chalmers, laughing, "if not a very girl," he went on, looking at her lastly, "is something like this—but perhaps you don't want to be wife to any sailor, little girl."

But Rana became suddenly interested. "Indeed, I do," she replied decidedly. "Of course she will be a most impracticable, impossible creature, but you may persuade her."

"She must be small and dark," began Chalmers, and then he stopped, for Rana was and delicate, and must show her breeding. How do you like that for a beginning?"

"That is very good," she said, "for a beginning."

Then seeing he was staring to herself, "I am small and dark, and I have been well brought up."

And insensibly she posed herself for this interesting hour during the next three weeks, by which time Chalmers had crawled from his bed to the lounge, and though his broken tibia progressing as favorably as might be expected under the circumstances, was notwithstanding his patient that the Raja was the only portion of his anatomy which had sustained serious injury, he soon found out that there were other ills besides broken bones which flesh, which rashly comes in contact with the sharp edge of a reef in thirty miles an hour, is heir to. At times he felt dizzy and sick, and speaks in the outright than move his bruised and wounded head, and sudden pains racking his chest and extending up the cords of his neck and back, made him experience sharp mercurial twinges.

On such occasions he would grit his teeth and, call each locality as he was able:

"Rana! Oh, Rana!"

And the girl, who was never very far away, would appear, and, kneeling by his side with the most innocent dark-brown eyes in the world bent upon him with an air of solicitude:

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing; come back, Rana. Come and play a game of chess until I am easier."

Dr. Crawford Wilson arrived with a pair of crutches and Chalmers essayed his first flight, with the assistance of the native, elaborated Dr. Wilson died and his formula has been obtained cautiously, and Rana, with her brown eyes from Mr. Crawford, of Marshall, Michigan, who prepares it according to the dilating astonishment of the most intense kind.

"Why don't you give up the sea? You say you have plenty of cash, and a fresh drug-ging" asked Rana, one day.

The girl sprang up suddenly from her chair with a single motion of the arm movement of her little hand she loosened the fastenings of gold and jewels which confined her dress, and showed her small perfectly-poised head. The next moment she had thrown off her dress and stood in the young sailor, finishing the picture in her own original, fantastic way.

"Ripple," she said, "I am long and ash thick as mine, she must have a pretty complexion, and be as supple as a Nautuch girl's, and a waist as strong as steel; she must have arms and wrists well-rounded, and she must be tall. She must be velvet from the loomos of Lyons—that's a description of her, I think. Moreover, she must have little feet and she must dance, of course, divinely. As for personal accomplishments, she must be an excellent musician, have a soft, soulful voice, which she must be willing to use at all times."

Chalmers stopped her. "You've left out her eyes. What did you do that for? You don't like her eyes, she must have any better than I can."

"I have done that on purpose. I have drawn the image of your ideal girl, and I have drawn her without eyes so that she could not be recognized by anybody."

It was a stupid, brutal thing to do, and he regretted it before the words had come almost to him as she danced. He put out his arm and drew her close to him, drew her down until her head rested on his knee, and looked away in the darkening space between their faces. Then he put his arms quickly about her then and kissed her on the lips, half a dozen times fiercely and furiously.

She rose to her feet, and, as she sprang back, her eyes flaming, her little form drawn up to its full height, and her white teeth gleaming like little pearls.

"How dare you do that. I will never speak to you one word as long as I live."

He realized then that he had offended her enormously, and, without thinking, wiped her lips with her handkerchief. It was an action which hurt him to the quick. It was the one thing he could not do. He was exceedingly eaten or touched something forbidden and who knew it perfectly well.

He stammered out: "You need not be so angry. You treat me as if you thought my conduct dishonorable. English girls do not have gone on like that."

"And you have come that to an English girl," she retorted. "You would not have dared to. It is only because I am a savage you did it. You think because we are a conquered race, we will submit to anything."

And without giving the young sailor a chance to say anything further, she turned lightly on one heel, darted through the French windows, and in a moment had disappeared, leaving him lying there, slightly dejected, knowing he was in the wrong, and thinking what a fool he had made of himself.

CHAPTER VI.

During the next week of his convalescence Chalmers found himself left very much alone. He had been accustomed to the society of Rana, and the presence of the gray-mustached native who during the heated hours of the day continued to swing the punkah with a vigor totally disproportionate to his apparent physical strength, with the daily visit of the Rajah Holkar Ranjeet himself, who sat for an hour with him each evening out of sheer politeness to his guest, did not atone for Rana's continued absence. This visit of the Rajah's, indeed, and a daily call from Doctor Wilson, were the only two events in the monotonous days which crept slowly on, tame, insipid and wearisome.

One morning, however, Rana came in and saluted him with a little stately bow.

"Mr. Chalmers is nearly well, is he not?" she asked.

The physician, who happened to be present, looked at her curiously for a moment. "I wonder what she wants me to answer," was his thought.

"He is much improved," was his reply. "And he will be able to leave when, sir?" "In about three or four weeks. He is perfectly welcome to stay here, isn't he?"

Rana was in mind at ease in a moment by saying, earnestly:

"Pray don't think he's in the way. We are very glad to have him here, I can assure you."

The physician passed on, humming an air.

"I hope that young fellow hasn't been making an ass of himself," was his mental comment. "She's a very nice girl, but, of course, he can't marry her. Pshaw! it's all had no more sense than that when I was her age."

And Rana wandered off into the grounds, and sat down under the shade of her favorite tree, the shelter of the broad, green leaves was so thick that neither the sun nor the shadow could penetrate. The golden drooping boughs fell so near the earth, that viewed from three sides you could not tell whether she sat, or stood, and when it was said to herself several times:

"Only three weeks more—only three weeks."

Then he would go away and she would have nothing left but the remembrance—a dead and buried memory—to touching in her lips.

She smiled softly to herself, and rose up presently, like a woman who has made up her mind to a certain line of action.

She went into the house and crept up softly to her piano, and having opened it, she listened to the sliding doors which shut in one side of the room when it was not needed to be an suite for grand occasions. She was about to open them, when room besides lay between Chalmers' apartment and the one she was in.

She sat down and played his favorite air. It was a waltz-song and she had hunted all through the house for it, for Rana knew when he was very sick.

She murmured, she played, dreamily hoping that he might hear her words in the music, "I forgive you, dear. Be friends once more; I forgive you."

"He might at least say 'That is well done,' or 'Thank you,'" she thought in her heart at last, somewhat indignantly. "I have played for him nearly twenty minutes."

She let her hands drop and crept on tiptoe to the door, this young girl, with her heart softened towards the man who had offended her so grossly she raised the curtain and looked into the chamber.

Lovers have their own way, and Chalmers, the innocent object of all these charitable impulses, was not in the room.

"He can do two things, after all," said Rana. "He went out just to spite me."

But this was an unjust assertion on Ra-

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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CHAPTER V.

The next instant and the rapier of Rafael was cutting a clear space around him, while at his back were half a hundred gigantic seamen, armed with pikes, who pressed forward with an impetuosity that the English found it impossible to stem, and they slowly gave ground, while the Americans, gaining courage once more rushed to the attack.

"Captain Rafael bade me ask you to have the two stern guns loaded with grape, sir, and turned round so as to command the deck," said a cool voice in the ear of Captain Ramelle, and, turning, he saw before him a handsome youth of twenty, dressed as his commander, except that he wore no silver lace upon his jacket or cap.

"Your commander, pirate though he is, has saved my brigantine, I verily believe; I do not doubt his being the great Sea Wizard; present my compliments, if you cross his path again, and say I will obey."

In an instant the youth had disappeared, and a few moments later was seen in the fan fighting beside Rafael, whose flashing rapier and fearless form the English retreated before in affright.

The face of the pirate chief, as seen by the glare of combat, was of stern and daring, while his eyes flashed fire as he urged on his men, who now were mingled with the American crew and fighting side by side.

"Leave at you, then Sir Englishman, if I am your game," suddenly cried Rafael.

And Captain Ramelle and Lieutenant Woodbridge saw the daring chief spring forward and confront the almost giant leader of the seamen, and with regret, for the British officer had carried death with him wherever he went.

"Aye, aye, thou cursed sea robber, I'll save the hangman trouble," cried the angry Englishman.

"Aye, and I leave you the mark of Rafael, of the Sea Wizard. Back, men, don't crowd me, for I want room," and the Chief and the Englishman were face to face.

Perhaps it was the sudden knowledge that he had met the famous commander, whose wonderful deeds and hundreds of hair-breadth escapes, on the ocean and land, had gained for him the name of Sea Wizard, a name also given to his schooner, that caused the Englishman to meet his foe with less confidence, perhaps it was fatigue after his severe fighting; but certain it is, that he was driven back from the moment he crossed swords with the pirate, and in spite of his gallantry, in spite of his gigantic frame and great strength, Rafael beat down his guard and drove him to the deck, crying:

"Sea Wizards and Americans, down for your lives! Flat down, I say! Fire those stern guns!"

The commanding voice of Rafael had rung out above the din of battle, and his reckling sword from the body of his foe, and answer there came, in Captain Ramelle's tones:

"Aye, aye, sir."

Instantly the crew of the Sea Wizard and the Americans threw themselves to the decks, and while the gallant Englishman, who thus saved his life while the two heavy guns poured forth their iron hail, and doomed a score to swept from life into eternity.

"Up and at them, ye Wizards!" again cried Rafael, and with wild shouts the rovers, trained to scenes of carnage, again rushed forward, and the Englishmen were driven in haste from the decks of the brigantine, some of them springing into the sea in the panic that seized them.

But the stern discipline of their officers rallied them, and though defeated and with heavy losses, they sought their boats and pulled away from the, to them, fatal spot. Captain Ramelle's position left him no time upon a retreating foe, and being seconded in this humane act by Rafael, the pirate chief.

"Captain Ramelle, you have a breeze now and yonder comes the frigate down to avenge the defeat of her brothers."

Rafael had walked aft and joined the brigantine's commander upon the quarter-deck, and as he spoke he pointed to the lights of the English ship, which was each moment growing nearer, as she stood down to meet her boats, now plainly visible, for the firing of the guns had raised the mist from the sea.

"You are right, sir. Mr. Woodbridge, muster the crew, up anchor, and set sail; but, by heaven, the frigate has the wind of us and can drive us ashore or sink us!" cried the Captain, in some alarm.

"No fear of that, sir, for I will, with your permission, pilot the brigantine to a secluded and safe anchrpage," replied the pirate chief.

"I will trust you fully, Captain Rafael, for already you have saved my brigantine. By Jove, sir, you are a lion in a fight, and a finer leader set of men than those I command, I never saw.

"It was kind of you, sir, it was returning good for evil, to thus come to my aid," and Captain Ramelle spoke with deep feeling, while Ruby, who had come up from the cabin, said, in her sweetest tones:

"Captain Rafael, a man with your noble nature should never sail under the free flag."

The pirate turned quickly, his face paled, as the light from the cabin fell upon it, but he replied softly:

"Lady, circumstances over which I hold no control, made me an outlaw from my native land, a falsehood has branded me with a name for cruelty, which, believe me, I do not deserve, though my hatred to the Spaniards is sincere and undisguised, for I make no secret of my persistent hunting them down."

"Captain Ramelle, your anchor is aweigh, sir, and the breeze increasing ahead, shall I take the wheel, for the frigate is bearing down rapidly?"

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the American, who, with Ruby and Lieutenant Woodbridge, had come upon the quarter-deck to the words of their strange preserver.

The crew from the Sea Wizard had also sprung to work with the manning of the Sentinel, and when the brigantine was moving through the water, they came in a body farther aft, and quietly awaited the movements of their commander, who held the helm with the hand-spoke, but before mentioned, standing by his side.

The men from the schooner were a superb looking set, possessing a large and powerful physique, and in their suits of white duck trousers, green jackets, and red silk scull caps, they presented a splendid appearance with their resolute and daring faces, indicative of a will to follow their young commander to the bitter end.

"What a magnificent crew you have, Captain Rafael," said Ruby, gazing on the men as they stood near.

"Yes, lady; a man who leads the life of a rover chief, must have picked men around him to obey his orders and there is not one of my crew I would not trust with my life."

"I believe it, but the frigate is coming on," muttered Captain Ramelle, who heard the remark.

"We also knows there is water enough for her yet awhile; with your permission, sir, I will let one of my men send a shot after her."

"Certainly, clear away this stern gun," cried Rafael, beckoning to the man designated, for she steered wildly.

"Look out, sir! Here comes a broadside!" cried Rafael, and involuntarily he sprung between the danger and Ruby, as to protect her from harm.

But the frigate's gunners had aimed in anger, and the shot flew wide, each one yawning around, so that not a shot touched the brigantine, which at a moment after rounded a point of land, and ran into a narrow inlet, or arm of the gulf, followed, however, by a shell from the frigate's bow gun, which did no great damage, though it cut several ropes, pierced the mainsail, and came unpleasantly near the party on the quarter-deck.

A half an hour more and the brigantine was moored into an inland cove, hidden entirely from the sea, and from whence she could escape by another passage into the gulf, and farther down the coast by a dozen miles.

"Captain Rafael, how can I thank you, sir, for all you have done for myself and my government?"

"It has given me great pleasure to have served not only you, but the United States, and I trust when you hear that Rafael of the Sea Wizard is a demon in human form, you will, at least, give me credit for having at least some humanity about me.

"If I could ask the favor, sir, I would like to get a commission from the United States as a privateer, for I know these waters well, and, ere many days, shall have under my command a splendid vessel, far the superior of the one your fire dealt so unkindly with.

"But, understand me, Captain Ramelle, though I serve America, it must still be under my own flag, for my war against the Spaniards is not yet ended."

"And that flag is——"

"The black flag, sir, with the emblem I wear on my left breast, embroidered in its center, for though I carry the Carthaginian colors, also, I have no right to them."

"Captain Rafael, the service you have done me and through me my country, will cause me to exceed, perhaps, my authority, and as the ranking American commandant, at present, in these waters, I will give you a written guarantee as a letter of marque to the service of the United States, though you must know that in the eyes of the outside world, you will be but a pirate privateersman.

"With my government I will interest myself in such a manner as to make a gain for you a commission——"

"Pardon me, sir, that would be useless, for I am a child of fate, and I have a certain aim in life, a certain duty to peform, ere I can mingle among honorable men and women.

"I thank you, sir, from my heart and you, also, lady, for the great sympathy you have shown me, a pirate chief, and I pray that when we next meet that I may be when my name is not branded with infamy, as it is now."

Rafael's voice trembled slightly as he spoke, and he turned the full light of his beautiful, lustrous eyes upon Ruby, and the maiden felt, that branded though he was, he had awakened in her heart a throb of womanly love it never had before known, and a deep sigh escaped from her, a sigh that was heard by Rafael, who at once stood awaiting the return of Captain Ramelle, who had gone to prepare the written necessary privateering papers, which were signed with pleasure by all of the officers of the brigantine, and a crew of the same service the chief had rendered them.

After a pause which Ruby felt was becoming most embarrassing to Ruby, the chief broke it with:

"Miss Ruby, I have a great love for my men and there are half a dozen poor fellows there who have gone to their last account, but I would, when the brigantine's crew are consigned to the earth, please to have Captain Ramelle read burial, even though they have no flag to cover them.

The tears arose in Ruby's eyes, and she answered:

"They shall be buried with full honors, Captain Rafael. It does you honor to thus think of those who have died for you, sir, those who are now wounded, shall have every care.

"Lady Ruby, but the wounded, except those fatally hurt, I will carry with me in my boat."

"Come, lads, haul the boats alongside and get into them, for we must be off," and Captain Ramelle, to whom the chief quickly obeyed his orders, and all was in readiness for their departure, as Captain Ramelle returned from the cabin, bearing the official privateering paper for him.

"Captain Rafael, I give you this impromptu commission, for I feel, from what you have already done, that it will not be used unworthily, and, I believe, sincerely that our government will not have occasion to recall it."

"Other nations may condemn acts of mine, sir, but not the United States."

"Captain Ramelle, I bid you adieu, sir; Miss Ramelle, farewell."

Both the American commander and Ruby extended their hands, which the chief warmly grasped, and then springing into his boat, followed by the youth, Leo, he pulled rapidly away, and was soon lost to the crew of the schooner, with their brave commander, received three hearty cheers from them, which he acknowledged as they rowed away and disappeared in the darkness.

CHAPTER VI.

At a point opposite the lower portion of the city of New Orleans, as it then was, lay a large schooner at anchor, a very dark letter the attack made on the brigantine by the English frigate.

The schooner was exceedingly long, and of a peculiar build, both bow and stern as sharp as a wedge, and about one-third the length from the forecastle was her greatest beam, while from there aft, she had been cut off gradually into a narrow, lean stern, which, like her bow, was very high, both sloping considerably towards midships.

Her hull was of a model that indicated great speed, and a capacity to carry her through heavy seas, and carrying any extent of canvas, while her depth was considerable.

Her masts were three in number, an unusual number for a schooner, with her hull and towered aloft with a remarkable rake, and her rigging, sails and spar tackle her tonnage, while the bowsprit ran out like a pencil to an extraordinary distance.

Her rigging was simple, for not a useless rope could be seen, and her masts, set far apart, admitted of the largest fore and mainsails, while her mizzen-mast projected far over the stern, giving the mizzen-sail unusual spread of canvas.

The foremast was also rigged for square sails, which could be hoisted if necessary, and she carried main and mizzen topmast staysails as large as jibs.

The model and build and rig of the vessel was most remarkable, and every seaman who looked upon her beautiful proportions was convinced that she could rush through a rough sea at a velocity equal to any craft afloat.

The trimmings of the deck were black and handsome, and brass-bound and bracelegands, were around each mast, containing long and glittering boarding pikes, and another rack for cutlasses.

Three eighteen-pounders were ranged along either bulwark and between the masts were two twenty-fours on pivots, while a forty-two-pounder was mounted in like manner fore and aft, serving as stern and bow-chasers, and giving the schooner a heavy armament of ten guns, four of which being mounted upon pivots, would allow of a broadside of seven pieces.

At the four floated the United States colors, and at the mizzen peak the flag of Spain, which was not needed, however, for on one going aboard of her the Stars and Was Spanish, as the swarthy, black-haired, fiery-eyed seamen, and uniform of the three officers, visible on the quarter-deck, would prove the nationality of the crew.

Upon the morning of the day of beautiful vessel is presented to the readers, she was lying at her usual place, and at her anchor until a Spanish man-of-war came into port to furnish her with a crew to proceed to Havana with her. She was to be put into commission and sent after the fleet Carthaginians, a mission of honor and peril, for which purpose the governor-general had ordered her expressly built, after a model furnished by an admiral of the navy of Spain.

The crew then upon the schooner consisted of a lieutenant, two midshipmen, half a dozen seamen, and as many marines, acting merely as a guard, and as they rested to and fro on their vessel's decks, they could not but feel proud of her beauty, and the admiring looks turned upon her by the crew of every passing vessel and from a large crowd assembled on the levee near by.

As night came on the sunset gun was fired on the schooner, and the colors, in honor of the disappearing god of light, came from the decks and floated at the cruiser of war standing swiftly up the stream, as if in search of an anchorage. Observing the schooner's crew collected in nearer towards her, and loud praises of her beauty were heard from the group of officers and one lady visitor on the decks.

The cruiser was the Sentinel, which, having delivered her despatches to the coast in spite of the frigate, had stood on up to New Orleans to undergo a few repairs.

A few cable lengths above the schooner the Sentinel came to anchor for the night, and dozens of lights glimmered forth over the water from a number of vessels lying in front of the city. Hardly had night come on, when a skiff was visible crossing the water, and approaching towards the Spanish schooner. It was soon discovered to be rowed by fourteen men in charge, who was indulging in a fragrant Havana, and thinking, doubtless, of home, while the two officers in the stern conversed over the bulwarks near by, glancing towards the city, which, though it was a source of happiness to be there, sipping cordial and flirting with the waitresses in some French cafe.

"I would see the Spanish commander," was the unexpected demand of the visitor.

"Come alongside, then," responded the lieutenant, in fair English, and the next moment the skiff struck the bow of the schooner and a tall man, with a cloak around his face, stepped as an ordinary citizen, stepped on deck.

"Well, senor?" said the lieutenant, closely eyeing his visitor.

"A beautiful vessel you have, sir; trim in every particular, and wonderful craft afloat, and, although she has not yet had a fair trial, I think will prove the swiftest; but you wished to see me, sir," and the Spaniard looked his visitor closely in the face, but the shadow of his cloak soon concealed his features, in a great measure, from observation.

"True, sir, it is said, senor, that it has been your misfortune to meet upon the high seas with Rafael, the pirate."

"Maledictions, yes! I have often crossed his path, but always by my cunning have been beaten off by him, but when this schooner gives him chase, his days are numbered; but why your question, senor?"

"Because there is a man now in New Orleans who is believed to be the commander of the Sea Wizard, in disguise."

"Indeed! Then, I fear I shall miss the chance of capturing him, though give him to yonder yard arm."

"I fear so, but still you can aid us, for I

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an officer, senor, and come to ask you you would be willing to go ashore to night and meet this disguised Rafael at a cafe, so as to let us know whether we are right in our supposition as to his true character."

"Assuredly, I will."

"Thanks, senor, and if any of your men know the pirate by sight, it would make it more certain."

"Why not arrest him and at once find out?" suspiciously asked the lieutenant.

"No, senor, we would do no harm, and the disguised Rafael, as I believe him to be, is known and received as a French to count in society, and we do not care to make a mistake, but you, knowing the pirate—"

"Yes, I see; well, I will come, and two of my men, aye, four of them, have seen the rover, and they shall accompany me."

"Senor commandant, I thank you; my boat will come for you at twelve, and a guide shall conduct you to the cafe, where you will see Rafael—for I am certain that he is the rover. Pardon me for detaining you, sir, and again accept my thanks."

The stranger turned, re-entered his boat, and was rowed ashore by the oarsman, a black man of herculean frame.

Arriving at the pier, the man in the black cloak sprang out, and turning to the black, said in a low tone:

"Hannibal, go at once down to the dragher and tell Lacon to come up and make fast to the schooner, according to our plan, and then return here and wait for me."

"Yes, master I do jist as you told me," answered the colored gentleman bearing the distinguished name of Hannibal, and the next moment his light skiff was flying down the river, urged by a tremendous muscular force.

The man in the cloak then strode with quick, firm steps across the levee, and turned into a brightly illuminated thoroughfare in the French quarter of the town, glancing as he passed along, into the many gay cafes that lined the way.

Suddenly a man walked alongside of him and said, in a low tone:

"A little time on a quarter-deck air would be better disguise him whom men call a Sea Wizard."

The man started, one hand sought his belt, and the other grasped the shoulder of the speaker with a force like iron, which he soon made him try to cry out with pain.

"Why, Captain, would you break a man's bone after seeing you?"

"Ha, is it you, Auguste; the very man I wished to see, and I am just now en route to your cafe."

Where you will be most welcome, but, men dies, what is your pleasure?" gasped the man, half laughing, rubbed his shoulder, as he continued:

"You should be more careful, captain, in a city where a heavy price hangs over your head."

He had believed myself disguised by my cloak and this dashing hat," answered he, whom the reader now recognizes as Rafael, of the Sea Wizard.

"It does not hide that form and step of yours, but what luck, sir?"

"Auguste, fate has been against me, but now it is changing, I believe. Oh, here is your cafe, and over a glass of your best Burgundy we will talk over my affairs, for I need your aid, and this night, too."

"You shall have it, sir; come in, and welcome to my humble home," answered the man, addressed as Auguste, as he ushered Rafael into a small cafe already filled with a gay crowd.

Passing through the saloon, Auguste led the way to a small back parlor, comfortably furnished, and ordering from some rare old wine, the two men commenced to discuss the business that had caused Rafael, the pirate chief, to risk life by entering the city of New Orleans.

CAPTER VII.

After the departure of his unknown visitor, Don Eusebio Lieutenant paced the deck of his schooner, perfectly delighted at the thought that his name would be connected with the capture of a man in whose able seamanship and wonderful escapes had given him the sobriquet of the Sea Wizard.

In anticipation he saw himself the commander-in-chief of first coffers per, and began to build up "castles in the air," or more properly, considering his nationality, "castles in Spain." For Don Eusebio had the future for Don Eusebio Constaro was an ambitious man, who, having married into the large fortune, was anxious to replenish the old family coffers by a supply of gold taken from pirate rovers.

Don Eusebio was a scion of a noble house. A young man of good appearance, a brave and skilful seaman, and one respected and feared for his name, in spite of his habits of profligacy, and trusting in his ability as a sailor, the Captain-General of Cuba had sent him to the United States to overlook the building of the craft, destined to sweep piracy from the broad waves of the sea.

Puffing energetically at his cigar, and lost in his day dreams, Don Eusebio failed to notice a heavy-looking craft, often seen in Cuban waters, and there called draghers, that was coming up under the stern of the schooner, until a loud hail attracted his attention.

"What does the fellow say, Senor Aqueno?" he asked of one of the midshipmen.

"I do not know, sir; shall I hail and inquire?"

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the lieutenant, not considering an ordinary trading craft worthy of his dignified attention.

"Lugger ahoy! Are you going to knock the paint off us with that clumsy craft?" hailed the midshipman.

In answer the huge sails came down on a run, and the current gradually checking the forward movement of the dragher, a rough voice answered:

"No danger, sir; but the storm two nights ago lost us our two anchors and we would like to make a line fast to you until morning."

It would not be right to refuse a favor to an American craft in its own port, I suppose, so tell him all right, Senor Aqueno," said the lieutenant, while the midship man added:

"Well, Senor?" said the lieutenant.

"And the hideous hull will but seem to set off the beauty of the schooner."

"All right, throw a line, and we'll make fast."

One of the half dozen seamen visible upon the lugger, ran upon her bow and skillfully threw a line, which held the ugly craft about three fathoms distant from the schooner, and in a little while all was quiet upon each vessel, though the lieutenant still paced the deck, indulging, as before, in the dreams of the future.

Unforgetful of time, midnight was at hand ere he was aware, and then the dash of oars awakened him to action, and he saw approaching the schooner, the same skiff that had brought his visitor in the early part of the evening.

A moment more, and the negro, Hannibal, in answer to an order from the lieutenant, stood upon the schooner's deck.

"Your master has sent you to guide me to the cafe."

"Yes, massa; he says you must 'scuse his not sending the government barge, as it gone down de ribber; but I take you all safe to de shore."

"All right; Don Aquero, send the four men aft whom I ordered to accompany me, and take command of the schooner until I return."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the midshipman, feeling himself most important in being left in command of the swiftest craft afloat, and it was with a prouder air than he had ever before assumed, he saw his lieutenant enter the boat and row shoreward.

With strong arms, Hannibal pulled his skiff past the different piers, until he came to an unfrequented point, where he stood a dilapidated cabin, and alongside the tumble-down wharf he laid his boat, and the black lieutenant and men got ashore, and they would there be joined by his master, after which he drew his boat back into the stream and remained quietly resting on his oars.

While the Spaniards are awaiting the arrival of the guide who is to take them to where they are to identify the famous rover and aid in his capture, I will return to the cafe where Rafael and Auguste had set down over a bottle of wine to have a talk together.

"Captain Rafael, I am delighted to see you again, sir, though I am sorry to see you risk life to come here," said Auguste, who was a Frenchman, possessing a shrewd, dark face, and an eye ever on the alert for a customer or danger to himself, for having once been captured by a pirate vessel, he did not know but that by some freak of justice, he might yet be brought up for punishment for his crimes.

Knowing him to be a friend, and possessed of great shrewdness and good judgment, Rafael had sent him to New Orleans to act as an agent for him in the disposal of certain goods and also in securing him faithful seamen, as they were needed.

"Thank you, Auguste; but if I risk nothing, I gain nothing. How stand the coffers after your last sales?" said the rover, in answer to the agent's remark.

"Pull, sir; the goods sold well and I have a large bank account for you."

"It is well, for I shall need money, and I will explain why. A few days since I was chased by a Spaniard, a very devil for speed, and she shattered the schoner badly by her fire, but in turn she was chased by an English frigate, and damaged slightly."

"The devil! Then the John Bulls are at it in earnest."

"Yes; I led the brigantine a long chase, and run into the mouth of Barataria Bay, when a calm came on and that night the frigate attacked the American brigantine in his stead, and was driven off, after a desperate resistance and my aid, for I went with my crew."

"Always doing something noble, captain."

"I need no flattery, Auguste; the result of this was a commission as a privateer, but I frankly told the brigantine's commander that I would still act as the rover 'Black Flag' and continue to serve my own interests."

"Now, I have decided, as I am consid-

ered a kind of wizard upon the sea, to aid all I can in the superstition, and I desire that you go tomorrow and have me carved in black walnut a representation of the wizard upon a flag; I wish this for a figure-head for my new schooner."

"Your new schooner?"

"Yes; for I shall have one tonight, and I need your aid in taking her; but to continue, have me a set of colors made for my schooner, and a set of all nations, and a full set of uniforms for a hundred and fifty men—"

"You carry a large crew, captain."

"Yes, Auguste; but my new schooner is quite a large vessel, and furthermore, she shall be complete in every way, and, mind you, all must be in readiness by this day two weeks."

"A very little time, captain."

"Time enough when extra pay is to be given and by that time I must have all ready, and by the shores of Lake Pontchartrain, for there is where I intend to lie until I am ready for sea. Now to the important work for this night. How many men have you?"

"Twenty can be had here in a half hour."

"Good. Arm them well and send them, one by one, to the deserted cotton shed above the city on the river's bank, and tell them to there await my coming.

"Then, take two vessel time I give you to collect me seventy-five more, which, with those I now have, will make my full complement.

"Mind you, Auguste, I want no man who is afraid of work and none but large, able-bodied seamen, who can handle both a boarding-pike and cutlass, and can also use firearms. Understand me, sir?"

"Yes, captain, and I will at once to business, while my good madame prepares you a substantial dinner, for I know you are hungry."

"To confess it I am, for since the schooner went down—"

"She is lost, then?" asked Auguste, in surprise.

"She was struck badly by a thirty-two, and was otherwise damaged in hull and sticks, which caused her to leak and labor in a blow, and off the Delta, so I ran alongside a Cuban trader and took him, leaving the dear little craft to her fate, for the Sea-Wizard has served me well, and since then we have been cramped together on that rations aboard the lugger; but we will be all right tonight."

So saying, Rafael comenced reading a French paper, which lay on the table, until his dinner was brought to him an hour after.

Ere he had finished his meal, Auguste returned with the news that the men had gone to the appointed rendezvous, as his commander had ordered.

In next week's Ledger further chapters of this highly fascinating story will appear. To all subscribers our free cameras and free portraits are given as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

GOOD WORK.

Proper Food Makes Marvelous Changes.

Providence is sometimes credited with directing the footsteps by so simple a way as the recipt of a food advertisement.

A lady out in Shelbina, Mo., says, "About two years ago I was compelled to retire from my social duties because I was completely broken down with nervous prostration.

I suffered agony in my back. My hands and feet would swell up nights. I was in a dreadfully nervous condition and I was with a dull heavy headache continually, had no appetite and could not digest anything if I tried. I was unable to remember what I read and was, of course, unfit for my work. Some days I had consumption of the bowels and dropsy. One day, as if by Providence, I read the testimonial of a lady whose symptoms were much the same as mine, and she told of how Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food had restored her health. I concluded to try it.

I left off the old-fashioned breakfast and began with Grape-Nuts, fruit and cup of Postum Food Coffee. That was 8 months ago and I have steadily improved in both body and mind. Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food has done more for me than all the medicine I have ever taken, and I am now well again and able to return once more to my school duties and able to do anything necessary in my home."

My mind is clearer and my body stronger than ever before. Please do not publish my name." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Snow Fireplace in Alaska.

Sixty degrees below zero is the frightfully cold atmosphere in which Alaska gold hunters must often work. They make fireplaces of snow in that desolate region. The snow is pressed into blocks like bricks and a fireplace two or three feet square is built with these. When the fire is lighted, the snow, of course, melts on the surface, but the heat does not get through the walls, and that the next fire causes it become only damp. A snow fireplace used only for cooking purposes will last for an entire winter.

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South Carolina ought to cleanse its system of Tillman microbes.

A few asbestos-lined hotels seems to be one of New York's pressing needs.

Pacification of the Filipinos must be very desirable considering how high it comes.

A woman cares not who writes the songs of a man if she can only talk while they are being sung.

It is usually money in your pocket if you avoid meeting the individual who is a half fellow well met.

The vegetable dealer is apt to get into a peck of trouble when his measure fails short of the standard.

When a girl begins to speak of herself as a bachelor maid it is a sure sign that she has given up all hope.

When a dog barks at the moon all night it is a sure sign of insomnia on the part of the dog—and others.

Sympathy is all right in its proper place, but there are times when a kick would be far more effective.

Popular songs would be less objectionable if sung only in the bathing of those with whom they are popular.

The lazy man consoles himself with the shop-worn adage about the race not always being to the swift.

Time waits for no man, but man has to wait at least an hour when a woman tells him to wait just a second.

New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma are to be recommended for statehood by the house committee on territories.

Only a man's fool friends will refuse to allow him to use his own judgement as to whether he wants a drink or not.

The man who leaves church just as the collection plate starts around may have been taken suddenly ill, but he rarely gets credit for it.

This is supposed to be an age of intellectual improvement, yet there are people who still believe that saucers were made to drink out of.

After Eve ate the apple and found out what happened she probably sampled all the other fruit in the garden just to see what else would happen.

Susan B. Anthony declares there are too many babies in the world. If there was just one that could call Susan "mamma" how different it would be.

A Chicago dramatic company was chased out of Laporte, Ind., because it tried to present "Camille." Nothing but the Indiana historical novel dramatized goes now in that state.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

Oath-Bound Under the Black Flag--Story of Love and Daring in the Chinese Empire.

By ANNA L. SMITH,
Author of "Duchess of the Looms," "Cast Up by the Sea," Etc.
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CHAPTER XXXVII.

UNKNELLED, UNCOFFINED, AND UNKNOWN.

"Villain though he was, Don Emilio was the grandson of a European, a Christian, and as such we must find a means of Christian burial," Ruthven said, after it was ascertained beyond a doubt that life was extinct. "It is quite impossible to remove him far from this spot."

"Fortunately, the side-hearted old man is not living to know how unworthy was the descendant upon whom he left his vast estates," rejoined Fred Hazleton.

"Ha! See, he has it upon his hand!" exclaimed Osmin, turning to Omelia, "the fateful wedding ring of the Counts Varlano!"

"It is a pity to bury an heirloom; let us remove it from his finger. Probably there can be found a successor to the Varlano estates," said Ruthven.

"Ah, that reminds me," exclaimed Ensign Howard, "we must examine his pockets; more than likely there may be dispatches or papers of some kind that may be of vital importance to the allies."

A watch of the finest workmanship, studded with diamonds, a cigarette case, and a purse half-filled with golden Spanish coin, rewarded the search, and within a breast pocket a case containing papers. Only these Ruthven took and making himself, opened the package—a dozen closely-written sheets, carefully folded, wrapped in silken tissue.

Hastily glancing over its contents, he omitted a low whistle.

"Whew! It is written in a gibberish that is beyond my powers of comprehension to decipher," he presently ejaculated. "About as intelligible as the Choctaw language. It is Mongolian, chief read and translated, in fact the confession of the dying Don Emilio translated by his patricide son. A revelation of the dark deeds to which his son had listened but a few moments before his own death. Attention, with which the reader is already familiar, is directed to the concocting of the substitution of the son of Hazello for the child who had been born to Audelle, the abduction of the Varlano heir, named Marchmont, with a confession of the motives that led to the extraordinary plot unveiled, even to the names of the foster parents who had received the little waifs, both born to Audelle, during whose whole lives had been changed by the machinations of a villain—the ghastly skeleton at that moment lay within the niche near at hand, still glowing with the phosphorescent light.

"Great scott!" exclaimed Elson Howard, springing to his feet in unfeigned astonishment. "Chilton! Why, there can be no mistake! Frank Chilton is the real son of Don Emilio Estranero!"

"And my wife, she is then the daughter of Francis Marchmont, and the cousin of the real Don Emilio, under whose protection she has been reared from infancy," George Ruthven said, all his amazement depicted on his handsome features. "Does she know—did you know anything of her adoption?" turning to Fred Hazleton.

"Only within the last few weeks," returned Fred. "You recollect that there was very ill and it was then he believed that he was living upon the bounty that he revealed the truth, but we have had not the slightest knowledge of her real parentage, and I am under the most solemn oath not to divulge the secret, but now it is certain that Audelle's welfare demands that she shall be told the truth; we hold the portrait in locket which she wears, probably the miniature of her father, and her clothing, which has been carefully preserved."

"And Frayne Clinton bears the peculiar birthmark of the Counts de Varlano, the circular mark upon the temple—and that accounts for his startling recognition of the locality—this bluff and the surroundings, which he must have beheld when he was but an infant. How wonderful are the ways of Providence, surely truth is stranger than fiction."

"And within this are the bleaching bones, all that remain of the wicked Count Varlano," interrupted Osmin, as he pointed toward the niche. The papers are the relation of events as they occurred; on the brow of the precipice above our heads I fought with the traitor, the murderer, believing that I had slain him.

"As followers of Issm we were condemned death by gatching, but escaped the fate of Irwan through the treachery of one whom we believed ourselves strangers—yourself and the young Lieutenant. Believing me dead, we, seeking refuge within this subterranean abode, which had been our place of refuge for years, and which has never been discovered by our enemies. Through one of the numerous chinks opening to the outer world we saw our arch enemy led to his death two days after. He was bound to the personated Hazello, driving the wretch to madness, and breaking his bonds, he cast himself into the chasm. In a few weeks but a fleshless skeleton remained, and we determined to carry out the dread curse:

"'And when his mortal body shall be
freed from clay,
His fleshless bones unburied shall remain,
But when a kinsman's hand with his life-blood is red,
The sin's atoned for—the dread curse is dead.'

"Hazello's curse has been fulfilled, the fateful wedding ring has lost its power for evil, and to the brave Lieutenant his birthright comes untainted by the guilt which has been shared in the blood of the guilty, it is Kismet; great is Allah and Mohammed is his Prophet."

"I understand for years you have used the mortal remains of the wicked Count as a means of terrorizing your enemies, but you have not explained the entire modus operandi," put in Fred Hazleton.

"As you are aware, both my sister and myself have been educated in the English schools, from my youth I have dabbled in chemistry, and in this away the tedious hours here. I have made many experiments with a gas engendered by mixing certain chemicals, destructive to life the instant the fumes were inhaled—a few inhalations rendered a subject stupid, a greater amount destroyed life.

"And this was the instrument you used," ejaculated Ensign Howard. "But how did you manage the five warriors and how did you escape asphyxiation through the same means?"

"Easily explained. You noticed that Ruthven's face was covered by a cloth saturated in a liquid which neutralized the effects of the gas, absorbing any by chance be inhaled. A transparent film manufactured from the entrails of a wild buffalo was charged with the gas, which, coming in contact with a pale blue flame. The instant it struck the ground the concussion burst the frail sac and the gas was released. A small weight gave the impetus necessary."

"One thing remains mysteriously explained Fred, turning to his friend. "Your general clearing up of the mysterious occurrences of late. Forgive me, but tell how you escaped after being cast over the cliff."

"The strangest solution. Providence—I can call it nothing else," returned George, reverently. "Upon the spot where I was hurled from the verge jutted over a shelf, or rather a hollow scooped from the sandstone, filled with decaying leaves and moss, and so masked by lichens and vines as to be secured from observation by anyone looking over the cliff or standing upon the opposite side.

"The next-like hollow was scarcely twenty feet below the spur over which my terrible opponent cast me, and at that instant the moon was hidden by a cloud, merciful God, to whom I owe my life, covered the truth. In the twinkling of an eye I found myself in a soft bed of leaves which covered me effectually. When the moon again lighted the scene of the tragedy naught could be seen but the rugged face of the cliff. I was partially stunned by the fall and my mind remained complete consciousness, my enemies had vanished.

"The last sound that reached my ears had been the heart-rending shriek of my wife. I believed that she had been slain, and in that awful moment thanked God that she had been spared from a fate more terrible than death.

"Other eyes had witnessed the scene. Our good friend, Osmin, had viewed the proceedings, but had been unable to lend assistance.

"When all save the assassins had left the scene, he determed to avenge the foul crime. You know the means he used to compass the death of the pirates. Before the dawn of day I was moaning in delirium, and the sound guided him to the spot where I lay, tossing from side to side, saved only from plunging to the sharp rocks fifty feet below by the protecting shell of rocks hemming me in all sides.

"In an instant he divined the truth. When I regained my senses I was in this cavern, tenderly cared for insama. Believing Ameera dead, as I had no reason to question my return to the home made desolate. How long I might have remained but for your opportune visit I do not know, now my darling is alive, and the mo ents seem like hours until I can clasp her to my heart. Let us return at once, Osmin and Isanna must accompany us. The Taku fort they will find protection; is it not so, my friends?"

"We will gladly go with you," acquiesced Osmin. "When the sun sets on the morrow we will be ready. Every foot of the way is familiar to me, and we can ride by day when so many prowling bands of marauders and banditti are roaming over the country. Tomorrow night we can safely travel."

An hour later every soul within the cavern was asleep and fondly dreaming of tomorrow's joys, the mysterious cavern which had so long been the home of the friendly Mongolians would be tenantless, save for the dread presence of the dead, the Skeleton Renegade and his unacknowledged son, would sleep within, until the sound of the last trumpet, "Unknelled, uncoffined and unknown."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

"What's the matter, Frayne, old fellow? You look as if you had seen a ghost, received a mortal wound, or something infinitely worse," exclaimed Elson Howard, as he placed a hand upon the Lieutenant's shoulder.

The party, under the guidance of Osmin and Hassimbuk, had arrived safely at the blockhouse, and later making his report to the officer in command, he hastened with the Lieutenant to the quarters. Frayne Clinton was absent, but the sign soon sought him out, finding him enough upon the parapet overlooking the Pei-Ho.

In his hand he grasped an open letter.

For an hour he had been pacing backward and forward, his brow clouded, his eyes gloomily roving in an unseeing way, and as the young Ensign's hand fell upon his shoulder he started, and then recoiled, staring hard at his companion as if scarcely comprehending who it was who had addressed him.

Then his black eyes lighted with an involuntary glow of pleasure, quickly succeeded by a half-angry glow, while his hand was extended cordially.

"Here at last. I've been waiting for your arrival with an impatience I could scarcely control, and now that you are here, Ensign's hand warmly, and into the fine eyes there came an appealing glance. Your sudden appearance startled me, as you are the man most interested in the coming of the fleet. I received it two hours ago."

"Interested in the letter?" asked Elson, wonderingly, "where is it from, what is it about, and who is the writer?"

"It is from a city lock keeper, my father, Mr. Chilton's solicitor—the man whom I have always believed to be my father—dead. He left no will, and among his papers the lawyer has discovered a confession—papers in which I am called a beggar. I am not his son, not Frayne Chilton, but a beggar's child who has been reared in luxury—an outcast without name or fortune."

"You are mistaken, you are heir of——" began Elson, excitedly, but Frayne cut him short.

"Had my fa—Mr. Chilton left a will, as he fully intended, or had that document remained hidden in a safe place where his heir, but an untoward fate decreed otherwise. He was taken suddenly ill—acute gastritis, the physicians declared—and from the first he felt that he would never recover. Business matters manufactured absent from the city when he was sent for post-haste, and when he received the message he hastened to the bedside of his father.

"Although in fearful distress, and inter-

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Reaping the Whirlwind.

(Continued.)

rupted by the most dreadful spasms, he began the dictation of a will which took me his sole heir, and Thayer wrote as rapidly as was possible, the document was hastily finished, duly executed, witnessed, and placed the pen in the hand of the testator. Too late—a fearful spasm shook the frame of the dying man, his face grew purple with the agony he was endurring. In five minutes he lay dead, the pen still clutched in his contracted fingers—the will was unsigned. I was left a beggar. The immense wealth of the millionaire merchant prince goes to his nearest of kin, a cousin, Mr. Elson, who is—

"Great scott!" exclaimed Elson, "it's a dead shame! Who is this cousin, do you know, who is the heir? I think I could administer a sound thrashing to the fellow, whoever he may be."

A smile of amusement chased the gloom from Fraynes face for an instant, as he stood looking the Ensign full in the face.

"What are you staring so for? You look as if you were going to faint. Sounds like here, old friend, tell me the name of this cormorant who is destined to waste not of your last dues, and when we return to God's country I'll engage to thrash him out of his boots!" continued Elson, facetiously."

"There is no need to return to the United States to fulfill your threat. You, Elson Howard, are the heir, the millionaire who I have believed my father to be your cousin's cousin. In early youth they quarreled —a woman in the case, of course. Your mother was the woman whom both loved. She married your father, and Chilton perforce of circumstances, was forced to proceed with the punishment you propose to inflict upon the heir as soon as convenient. Read the letter for yourself."

"I—I—Elson Howard, the heir! I cannot realize it!" exclaimed the astounded sign. "I've always been as poor as a church mouse, here's a fortune for me. I declare, I never have so much as heard the name of Chilton," he exclaimed, after reading the letter.

"Nothing singular in that. Your parents both died when you were too young to understand such matters. You are undoubtedly the heir, while I——"

"Great scott! I am an idiot! A senseless numbskull!" cut in Elson. "You aren't the only person who has astounding news. The idea of your being a beggar! Ha, ha, ha! Why, old boy, you are heir to a fortune that beats that all to pieces! Are you not grandson of a Spanish grandee—a Spanish count, in fact? Why, what should you think of that. See that?"

He ran his fingers lightly across the tiny circular mark on Fraynes forehead, temple.

"That's your passport. Isn't it odd that you've come all the way to this outlandish country, where you were born, to discover your own birth mark? Call it Spanish, half English. Don't you know? 'E Know Yself,' should be your family motto, old fellow."

"Are you insane?" questioned Frayne, wonderingly. "You are dreaming, surely. have turned your brain. You are mad as a March hare!"

"There's method in my madness, then, and plenty of proof of my insane fancies," returned Elson. "Guess Hatch will be unfortunate stranger chain of discoveries," and rapidly running Emigrant Record the secrets which had so providentially been revealed through a wonderful chain of events, while Frayne listened as if dazed.

"And George Ruthven," exclaimed the Lieutenant, after the first voice, "he is indeed possible that he has escaped, that he is still among the living! Surely, the guiding hand of a merciful God has been extended in his behalf, and delivered him from the power of his enemies. It is wonderful, and, most wonderful of all is that his wife, Amoret Ruthven, is my cousin. I can now account for the almost irresistible impression the sight of the haunted cliff made upon my boyish imagination, and the previous life as expounded by believers in the transmigration of souls, and in a way I am disappointed, myself. I tell you, my fellow, it is scarcely gratifying to my military pride to know that I was once a general led by the closest ties of blood to the two dead renegades—Spaniards, though they were, still they were Spaniards, not in Christian land, or rather under Christian influence, but in the midst of a nest of Chinese pirates and assassins. I am of the opinion that the estates in Madrid will prove worthy the 'Castle in Spain.'"

"Nonsense! but even so, the possessions to which you are entitled as heir will of Armington Marchmont will prove most substantial, as I understand he grandson is to be his heir, or rather the sole inheritor after. A noble inheritance. I suppose that as soon as your constitution recovers from the effects of her late captivity and has had time to realize the joyful surprise that her husband has not deserted her, she will repay your respects."

"Anoret!" returned Frayne, "but do you know, old man, that the bitterest drop in the cup of grief when I learned by that letter that I was not a child of love, but of a stranger, was that I had nothing but a true heart and strong arm to offer as object of my devotion."

"The beautiful, wealthy Clonelle," laughingly replied Elson, "I confess that I was in the same boat, and am overjoyed that I can, on a fair show of success, enter the lists for the hand of the lovely Queenie, to whom I have surrendered my heart."

"Ah, ha, ha! Elson, you're a quarter, comrade," smiled Frayne, with a boyish laugh. "Miss Queenie Vanderlyn is quick enough to stir the pulses of the most phlegmatic heart, but in the language of the immortal Scottish bard, 'My love she's but a lassie yet.'"

"And I say, Frayne, isn't it all a jolly go? Great scott! What a happy lot of mortals we should be. There's Fred Haselton and his fiancee, George and your cousin Amoret. See how pat I have the relationship, all reunited after much tribulation and if fortune favors us there will be two more weddings as soon as a certain brace of chaps of about our size and temperment can have opportunity to lay siege to the hearts of our charmers, eh, Frayne? And for my part, I am of the opinion that 'Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing.' And as soon as the Chinks have been gentlemanly whipped I'll be ready to take the matrimonial vows."

"There's my hand on that, only if we wait till we have the 'yellow terrors' whipped we shall have backed into matrimony than I have any intention of doing. Let me tell you, Elson, the world of civilization has taken a big contract when it has set the millions of saffron-skinned heathen swarming like the plague of Egypt on mountain, plain, desert and on the bosom of every canal and river. Seriously, old man, I believe the days of the world will close Christendom conquers these barbarians. We are fighting the worst sort of savages to whom the usages and laws of war as understood and practiced by the white race is unknown. I tell you, if it should be my fate to be made a prisoner to these pirates a ball from my revolver will settle my fate in a moment."

"I would never live to fall into their hands. I'd shoot myself before being deprived of my weapons, if I know myself, and I rather think I do," returned Elson, in reply to Frayne's remark, in circulation that we are to be ordered to Tientsin within a few days. The city is getting to be a bed of anarchy and the Boxers are running amuck, the feeble-minded Kwang Su and the sapient Dowager Empress being neither the power or the will to quell the rebellion, if rebellion it is. It is a case of let it alone, and the Chinese government with whom we have to deal, Earl Li's assembly of viceroys, are simply scheming, gathering like locusts on every hand. I think I realize the situation thoroughly, as since every man in the ranks. There will be hot work cut out for us yonder in the ancient city of Tientsin."

"Just so, and I shall lose no time in trying to persuade Little Queenie to take me for better or worse."

"Just my idea. I shall lose no time, and here's my hand on your promise."

"——"

One more scene and the curtain falls. Within the grim fortress at Taku a double marriage took place.

The American contingent at the fort had been among the troops selected to march for the relief of Pekin. There was no end of coquetry on the part of the maidens whom our gallant young Sons of Mars had chosen as the objects of their devotion, and the preliminaries were soon settled.

None save the members of the respective families were enlightened until the very morning of the day on which the ceremony was to be performed, but there was no lack of guests. Admiral Seymour, Generals of generals, and an army of colonels, majors, captains, and lieutenants, were present, while the band of marines formed a cordon encircling the center of the court where the chaplain of the warship stood before the two couples to pronounce the nuptial benediction.

By reason of the nationality and Spanish title of the young Lieutenant has become known among the officers, Don Frayne Chilton stoutly declines to be addressed as Count Variano, although it must be confessed that the young fellow has formed a high rank at its true value.

He was envied by the army list of Uncle Sam as Frayne Chilton, the young Lieutenant saye, and Lieutenant Chilton he prefers to remain as known. This modesty is unpleasantness, unless he can serve a higher rank by the display of the good sword, and Lionelle secretly feels a thrill of satisfaction that in the marriage service his true rank must be assigned him.

But naught Lionelle was the happiest of brides. If we except sparkling little Queenie Hazleton, and both brides blushed rosily when saluted as such. As for the bridegroom both were royal and handsome escorts to the processions of their lovely brides, and looked absurdly proud and a little impatient while their friends shook their hands and congratulated and bade them be kissed.

Congratulations were being showered, and the wedding feast dawdled over, for the officers had made hasty preparations and were off duty for the occasion.

It was over at last. Three cheers were given as the wheels of the carriages the welkin ring, and the brave marines filed away to mark ready for the onward movement, while the officers and the newly-wedded couples, accompanied by George and Fred, Frayne and Elson, and the two bankers, the pater-familias, were driven to the wharf where the river steamer was awaiting to convey them to the beleaguered city, whither the devoted wives had insisted on accompanying their husbands, electing to share the peril rather than remain at Taku to endure the intolerable suspense of the waiting for news from the front. Amoret and Eleanor declared that they were not capable of a wedding trip after all.

As the Eagle puffed its way up the sluggish waters of the Pei Ho, cheer after cheer from the groups of marines garrisoning the forts rent the air, the last lingering cheer rose from the deck of the receding steamer as the gallant international marines were left farewells to the comrades they were leaving, and the great guns captured from the Chinese thundered a parting salute as the departing steamer ploughed its way through the turbid waters and was lost to sight beyond a serpentine curve, but until the last turn of the turret of the grim battlements had faded from view, the walls of Golden Vale lessened to a speck against the dark recesses of the

(Continued on Page Fifteen.)

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Ordinary Effort Wasted.

Clara—Is it true that Mabel is suing her husband for divorce?

Maude—Yes; and I don't blame her. She was handicapped right from the start.

Clara—Why, how's that?

Maude—Her husband had indigestion before they were married.

An Insinuation.

Softleigh—When I stand on my head the blood rushes to my head, doesn't it?

Hardleigh—Such a thing.

Softleigh—Now, when I stand on my feet why doesn't the blood rush to my feet?

Hardleigh—Probably because your feet are not hollow.

Pair of Guesses.

"Do you love me still?" asked the wife.

"I do, indeed," replied the husband.

Then she thought and he thought and she wondered if he meant it as she understood it and he wondered if she understood it as he meant it.

His Excuse.

The Parson—Don't you know, my dear sir, that it is positively sinful to stand around wasting your time in this manner?

The Loafer—Yes; I know it is, parson, and I'm going to quit it just as soon as I find a comfortable place to sit down.

His Observation.

Tom—They say Miss Western is a beautiful bareback rider. She never uses a saddle.

Jack—Yes; and she's a beautiful bareback dancer, too. Did you see her at the ball last night?

Feminine Point of View.

Husband—I see that a German scientist says idiots invariably cross the left leg over the right.

Wife—Nonsense! Any man who crosses his legs at all is an idiot.

Another Pipe Story.

Museum Manager—Where's the living skeleton? It's his turn to go on.

Mate's Paternal—He lost his balance while washing his hands at the sink a moment ago and slipped down the waste pipe.

Matter of Doubt.

Miles—Did you see Jaggsby at the reception last night?

Giles—Yes.

Miles—Was he intoxicated?

Giles—Well, he was in full dress.

Similar but Different.

Biggs—When I make a trade I always want something to boot.

Diggs—Same here, and I usually get it later when I kick myself.

What They Spring From.

Quinn—They say that money is the root of all evil.

De Fonte—Yes; it is also the root of a good many family trees.

Gloom That Never Lifts.

"If there were any chance of the Boers being annihilated I think it would be a good thing to preserve one in a museum."

"Why so?"

"Because as long as there is one living he will cause a heavy gloom to hang over London."

Freddy's Wit.

Reginald—What is the correct thing in dogs these days, dash boy?

Freddy—Dog biscuit, of course.

Foiled.

Mrs. Biggs—What kind of folks are your new neighbors?

Mrs. Diggs—I haven't the slightest idea. They send their washing to a laundry.

Great Accomplishment.

Stubb—Did Blazer shoot any big game up in the Adirondacks?

Penn—Oh, yes; he managed to shoot a guide who stood six feet five in his stockings.

Sufficient Reason.

He—So Miss Willing has gone to Europe, has she? I thought she was going to marry young Smitherton.

She—She would have married him but for one thing.

He—And that was—

She—He didn't ask her.

Force of Habit.

Miss Upperten (at the ball)—Let us have another round before the music stops.

De Rounder—Sure, and remember this round is on me—er—that is—beg your pardon, Miss Upperten. Another waltz, did you say? With pleasure.

In the Year 2002.

Olivia—I thought you were keeping company with Tommy Simpkins.

Malvina—I was for awhile, but gave him up because he strongly advocated man's rights. Why, he actually thinks men should be allowed to vote, same as women do.

Window and Widow.

Jones—The letter "i" improves a man's eyesight.

Smith—How's that?

Jones—Well any man can see through a window, can't he?

Smith—Yes; if he isn't blind.

Jones—But remove the "w" from a window and what man can see through the remainder?

Pessimistic View.

Smith—Can't is a useless word.

Jones—Oh, I don't know. It comes in handy to fill a gap in the conversation when a man asks you to loan him $5.

Red, White and Blue.

"Thar must be a woodpile up to college, Marin'."

"Why, Hiram?"

"Because Cra'foot's son writes that he sees our Silas pickin' up chips every night."

He Only Thought So.

"All my illusions are gone."

"Nonsense! That's one of them."

A Misunderstanding.

Hicks—I thought you said there could be no question as to Browne's veracity.

Wicks—Well, there can't. He is an unmitigated liar.

Meant the Same.

"The doctor recommended long walks."

"Did he use those words?"

"Not exactly; but he offered to sell me an electric automobile."

In Charley's Vest.

Ida—My beau smokes. Are you against cigars, dear?

May—Well, sometimes. Last night I was against two or three.

SHE DID SMILE AFTERWARD.

Mr. Slicker—Ah, here comes Miss Lilybloom. I'll give her—

"My swellest bow and—

"Perhaps she'll smile!"

Ma's Opinion.

Little Willie—Say, ma, who invented the envelope?

Ma—I really don't know, my son. But I believe the first one was discovered in a married man's pocket addressed to his wife's mother.

Not What He Required.

"You ought to try this," said the druggist, as he held up a bottle. "It's the best thing out for dyspepsia."

"If that's the case I'll keep it out," replied the victim. "I've got all the dyspepsia I want right now."

Of Course They Do.

Hixon—Do you believe that man originally sprang from the monkey?

Dixon—No, but I believe that all women sprang from mice.

No Room for Doubt.

Tom—But perhaps she doesn't love you.

Jack—Oh, yes, she does.

Tom—How do you know?

Jack—When I told her that I had no money to get married on she offered to borrow some from her father.

After the Elopement.

Aristocratic Mother—How could you marry into such a commonplace family?

Romantic Daughter—But I didn't marry into his family, mamma. He married into ours.

Rejected.

Towne—That's a queer sort of ring you're wearing. It isn't suitable for a man at all.

Browne—Think not? Well, I tried it on a girl and she didn't seem to think it suited her, either.

WIFE'S INGENUITY

Saves Her Husband.

The author of the "Degeneration of Dorothy," Mr. Franklin Kinsella, 238 W. 58th St., New York City, was the victim of a little by-play—but he can best tell the story himself. "I must confess that I have been the victim of an innocent deception which turned out, all for the best, however.

I had been resting under the belief, for some years, that coffee served as a tonic to my cerebral convolutions, in other words, 'made the wheels go round,' and I had an idea that I could not work without it as a stimulant.

I soon paid the penalty in nervousness, loss of flesh, insomnia and restlessness, none of which troubles would yield to any or all medicines. I finally got in rather a bad way and my wife took a hand in the affair, all unknown to me. She purchased a package of Postum Coffee and first gave me one half Postum and one half coffee. In a little time she had me down to clear Postum, and I was none the wiser.

I noticed that I was getting better, my nerves were steadier, and I began to gain flesh and sleep nights. My work was performed far better than in my old condition.

Commenting upon my greatly improved health one morning I was told the truth. 'Tis to laugh, so I submitted gracefully and joined the Postum ranks.

Experience teaches that boiling is one-half the game. When the directions are carried out the result will be as fine a cup of rich, fragrant coffee as ever delighted the senses without ruining the nerves."

All in Chicago.

"They say that a person on the verge of delirium tremens dreams of creeping and crawling things."

"By Jove! I must be going to have an attack."

"Why so?"

"Last night I dreamed of nothing but messenger boys, carettes and cable cars."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Trade Craft.

"We are turning out some very elaborate scales," said the proprietor. "Some that will attract the attention of your customers."

"Do you suppose I want my customers to watch the scales?" asked the surprised butcher. "Give me the plainest style you have."

Land and a Living

Are cheap in the new south. Land $3 to $5 per acre. Low rates twice a month. Queen & Crescent route. Free books and maps. W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A., Cincinnati.

Needed Dividing.

"I am going to make him eat his words," roared the bad man of the town.

"Then you had better give him a knife and fork," suggested the bystander.

"Why so?"

"Because he is from Boston and his words are so long that they will choke him unless he cuts them up."

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn. (The Clothier), says if any one suffering from a Kidney and Bladder disease will write him he will tell them what he knows. He is not a dealer in medicine and has nothing to sell or give, just directs you to a perfect cure.

Heavy Bombardment.

Sam—Yo' say dat de bride en groom had to be sent to de hospital soon after de marriage ceremony. How was dat?

Remus—Why, some ob deh frien's thought it would be luckier to throw old horseshoes.

Four Trains Daily

To Indianapolis and Cincinnati, via Monon route and C. H. & D. Ry. Parlor and sleeper from Chicago to St. Augustine, Fla., every night. City ticket office, 222 Clark street, Chicago.

As Explained.

Space—How is it that humorists are always writing a lot of stuff about cheap boarding houses and financial distress?

Quads—Oh, I suppose it comes natural for people to write of the things best known to them.

Handicapped.

Mrs. Homer—Were you troubled by mal de mer while crossing the ocean?

Mrs. Nerich—No, indeed. I was so seasick all the way over that I didn't even have a chance to make his acquaintance.

The Exposition Craze.

Purchaser—Are you sure this exposition stamp is the last edition?

Stamp Clerk—Yes, sir; but there will be another edition in a few hours.

Not Encouraging.

Tourist Who Wears High Hat—What is the favorite shooting with the cowboys—jackrabbits?

Amber Pete—No, stranger; tall silk hats.

$300 Success Cor. money for $1. $100 for 10 cents. ROBERT L. MAXWELL, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

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This watch is the timeliness movement fully regulated to keep correct time. The case is Solid Gold Plated, equal in appearance to a Gold Filled Watch and will last 10 years. We give it FREE to introduce our large illustrated catalogue. To quickly sell our handsome jewelry at 10 cents. Send your address and we will send the jewelry prepaid, and when sold as per agreement, we will positively send you the watch and chain.

ERIE MFG. CO., Dept. 67 Chicago

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STORYETTES.

"OLD MAN" Sowerby's Courtship.

There had been a lull in the conversation around the stove. It had lasted for nearly ten minutes, during which Wash Hancock had industriously sliced nearly all the bark from a four-foot stove length of hickory. Mart Parsons once or twice "allowed that it was erbout time he was er hookin' up fer home," but the stove was glowing red through its inch thickness of iron and he knew that the wind was against him on the Hacketville road. The storekeeper was unwrapping a crateful of lamp chimneys and ranging them on the shelf when the creak of wagon wheels on the crusted snow was heard outside and "Old Man" Sowerby entered the store.

"Old Man" Sowerby was long and lean, with a long, serious face, a bush of white hair and twinkling eyes. Hancock greeted him almost with effusion, brightening perceptibly as Mr. Sowerby drew off his clumsy yellow leather gloves, with the red wool wrist attachments, kicked off his arctics, and pushed his fur cap lightly to the back of his head.

"Have a seegar on me, Uncle Jake," he said, cordially, as the old gentleman fumbled in his pocket and drew out a corncob pipe. "I guess you can stand one. Rufe hates to have 'em smoked around the store, but he dassent say so. You ast him an' he'll tell you they smell good. Give us three with the red collars on, Rufe. If anythin' happens I'll tell the coroner you hain't to blame."

"I'm seasoned," remarked "Old Man" Sowerby, biting off the end of a cigar and striking a match. "I tol' you how come I got seasoned, didn't I?"

"You started to," said Hancock, "but Mis' Sowerby headed you off. I never seen you shet up so meek. You said that was in reference to your lickin' her pap."

"Old Man" Sowerby chuckled. "So it was," he said, "I'll tell you about it, seein' she hain't around now. It was when I was sparkin' her. Her pa had the reputation of being one of the toughest old nuts in the deestrick. An' Sarah wus the only gal he had. Mis' Walker died when she wus jest a little runt, so Jeff, the old man, allowed he'd keep her home indefinite. Some of the young bucks kind of objected, but Jeff had a mighty effectual way of discouragin' 'em. Lafe Blevins allowed 'at he'd make Sarah a visit one night, an' come back with his face all raveled out. Jim Allen, him that kep' the grocery at Hacketville, undertook the same thing, with the same result——"

"Mighty good lookin' woman now, Uncle Jake," said Walsh, politely.

"She hain't as young as she was, an' neither am I," said Sowerby. "I wus a tol'able husky boy then an' I hadn't seen the man I was a-skeered ter tackle. So one evenin' I spruced up in my best clo'es an' put some scented ile on my hair an' hopped in my single-footer an' lit out for the Walker residence.

"Seemed like I was in luck, for Sarah wus in an' Jeff was out. I wasn't nachally bashful an' I made the most of my time. I don't know how late it was when we walked down to the gate together, but it was tol'able late. The first thing we knew we heard a horse comin' down the road an' my horse began to whinny. Sarah started for the house, but she hadn't got there an' I hadn't got my horse untied before old Jeff comes ridin' up.

"'Who is this?' he says.

"'It's me,' I says handlin' the hick'ry clubs I cut on the way down kind o' careless. 'I thought I'd come down an' see how you was. Some of the boys said you was sick an' I allowed it'd be neighborly to call.'

"'Why, howdy, Jake!' he says, just 's tickled as he could be, seemed like. 'I had to go down to Beder's to see them hogs of his an' I couldn't get away. Tie up your hoss again an' come in. It ain't so late but what you can stay awhile longer.'

"I wus a leetle sort o' suspicious, but I follered him into the house an' he got out some forty-eight-hour-old corn whisky an' a couple o' pipes an' a twist o' terbacker as long's your arm. I had to take a sociable smoke with him. I reckon he knew I'd never smoked before. I took half a dozen whiffs an' my head began to swell. It got bigger an' bigger—as big as a bucket—as big as a barel—a—s big as a barn—an' everything else grew in proportion. I could see old Jeff loomin' through the smoke with a smile a yard wide an' his voice sounded far away like. Then I broke out into a cold sweat an' my hair began to bristle an' my innards to crawl an' I drooled like a two-months-old baby. Finally I couldn't stand it no longer, an' I got up an' said I b'lieved I'd mosey along home.

"I hoped the old rip would have give me a chance outside, but he never let on he seen there wus anything wrong an' stood at the door with a light. Before I got halfway to the gate Jeff commences to whoop an' laff an' holler, an' then blamed if he didn't loose his dog on me. At first I concluded I wanted to die, an' bein' eaten raw wus as good a death as any, but I changed my mind as I kicked against my hick'ry clubs' an' as the dog come up I hit him a belt. Then I crawled on old Roany an' rode off until I got out o' sight o' the house. Then I got down an' held clost communion with nature for a spell.

"I met ol' Jeff four days after in town an' I walked up to him an' I says, says I: 'Jeff Walker, you're an' infernal, no-account ornery old limb an' I can whip you.'

"That was all he wanted. We come together right there an' I want to say he wus about all I care to handle. When I did get him down he held on like a bull pup. Finally I pushed him off an' pounded him until he hollered: 'Nuff!' I reckon it was a week after that I met him at a housewarmin' at Perry Spencer's. Sarah was along, but she seemed to be tryin' to keep away from me. Finerly I got her cornered an' I ast her what wus the matter an' what she wus mad about.

"'What did you lick pa for?' she says.

"'Because it wus strictly ness'ry.' I says. 'If I've got to lick your pap seven days in the week, hand runnin', to see you, I'm goin' to do it.'

"She sorter looked tickled an' then all of a suddent she looked skeered. I didn't know why until ol' Jeff teched me on the arm.

"'You wont need to, Jake,' he says. 'I've had all I want, an' if you want to come up to the house any time come up. I'll learn you to smoke.'"

"He learned you, did he?" asked Hancock.

"Old Man" Sowerly looked attentively at the cigar that he had smoked half-way through and tried to roll up the wrapper where it had come loose. "I thought he did," he said at last, as he threw the cigar into the wood box, "but I'll be gol durned if I can smoke this."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Met His Match.

"When they began to run the trolley line up my way," said a Macomb county farmer the other day, "I made up my mind that I'd have to do something with my old bull. When he takes a fit to leave a field there's no fence high enough to stop him, and when he's wandering along the highway he calculates he's the biggest thing on earth. I knew he'd mix with the first trolley car that came whizzin' along, and so I says to my son Jim:

"'Jim, we've got to experiment a little and give our old bull a setback. Let's see what we can rig up?'

"Jim was agreed and so it happened that a feller came along next day with a portable engine. I told him what was wanted, and we was still talking when the old bull jumped the fence into the road. He had his eye on that engine, and he knew it was a good chance to show off. The man would have run away if he could, being afraid of an upset, but there was no chance and he took the middle of the road and let 'er rip. Down went the bull's head and up went his tail and he charged that engine head-on. There was a smash to be heard half a mile away, and the engine rose up on its hind wheels and then came down all right, though it was a close call."

"But what about the bull?" was asked.

"Well, sir, he strack the boiler-head fair and square, and if anybody was ever knocked into the middle of last week he was. He fell in a heap and rolled over into the ditch and for fifteen minutes he seemed as dead as a stone. Then he opened his eyes and he got up, and when the engine whistled at him he started off on the run and kept it up for five miles. He broke one horn short off and twisted the other, and he had a headache for three months. It was the right kind of a dose for him. When the cars begun to run he looked at them and lifted his tail, but at the first clang of the gong his tail went down and the tears came to his eyes. He didn't want to tackle anything else on wheels. Indeed, it broke his spirit 'till a two-year-old steer could rustle him around, and if he doesn't grieve himself to death before spring I guess I shall kill him for soldier's beef."

Nature Plus Art.

One ingenious schoolboy evidently believes in attempting to improve upon nature, if one of his recent acts can be taken as an indication. Desiring to show his appreciation for his teacher, he brings her flowers whenever he can get them, and has appeared several times a week with bright-hued blossoms, geraniums among the lot. The cluster of scarlet flowers which he carefully deposited a few days ago upon the desk with a smiling, "Here, teacher!" looked as if he had made a wholesale raid upon his mother's favorite plant. The peculiar perfume of the flowers attracted the attention of the teacher and in answer to her comment and words of thanks the little fellow said: "You see, I put some cologne on them to make them smell nicer."

Marriage Not a Failure.

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Hostess—Oh, a great succes. She's traveling in Europe on the alimony

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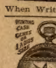

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BITTERLY WRONGED; Or, LURED TO THE FOOTLIGHTS.

By E. BURKE COLLINS,

Author of "Darke House Mystery," "A Fallen Star," "The Rajah's Jewels," "A Dangerous Game," Etc.

Begun in No. 9, March 1. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

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CHAPTER VII.
FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS.

And then, as fate would have it, a police officer happened along. Seldom at the post of duty, yet it transpires that this especial officer was just in time to make trouble for Lewis. For, in an instant, Luttrell had stopped him, and before Lewis could fairly comprehend the scene, he found himself in custody.

"A suspicious character," announced Luttrell, calmly; "take him in custody, officer."

Lewis could only stand and stare blankly at the bold villain, vaguely wondering what would be his next move. It came.

"He also attacked me last night," went on Luttrell, while still the artist stood there, like something carved in stone. "I will appear against him, Mr. Officer. You know me?"

"Yes, sir," replied the officer, "you are Mr. Gilbert Luttrell, attached to the ——— bank." Then, turning to Lewis, the officer laid his hand upon his arm.

"Best come along quiet, sir," he said in an under tone. Lewis started from the strange trance-like state in which he was standing and his eyes flashed ominiously as he asked:

"Possibly, you may know me, also, Mr. Officer?"

The man's keen eyes traveled slowly all over the tall, graceful figure of the artist, then he started as with an electric shock.

"Why, bless my heart!" he ejaculated, his stolid face lighting up with interest, "if it ain't Mr. Russell, the artist. Folks has been sayin' all sorts of things, Mr. Russell, about you having come to harm. Nothin' wrong, I hope, sir?"

Lewis shook his head.

"It will all be explained, Mr. Officer," he said, "in good time. And I pity those who have been concerned in my disappearance, for they will truly need pity."

He was looking straight at Gilbert Luttrell as he spoke. That gentleman turned away impatiently. But there was a sensation akin to terror in his craven heart which showed how he feared the man he had sworn to harm.

What was Lewis Russell's horror and consternation when he arrived at the station to find a charge against him of having "made away" with Captain Morris. It was alleged that the artist was the last person seen in company with the old sea captain, which was probably true, as Lewis had met him on his way to find Gilbert Luttrell, and had halted a few moments on the street to speak a few kind, neighborly words, and welcome the old man home. Captain Morris had remarked that he would probably sail again on the morrow; then he had passed on down the street, and Lewis, wrapped up in his own troubles, did not take notice which way he had taken.

But, all these small (apparently) circumstances were magnified now into something large and serious; charges against him had been preferred by Gilbert Luttrell, one of the wealthiest and most prominent business men in the city, and there was no hope for it, Lewis must go to prison, to answer to the charge, and to prove his innocence. So Lewis was compelled to restrain his wrath and to endeavor to plan some way out of the labyrinth. He went calmly to lonely confinement, and in his heart determined to make Gilbert Luttrell rue the day that he had first began this persecution.

Everything was so carefully concealed from the public that the busy newspapers actually did not find out that he was in prison—all concerned in the case being of one mind—to keep it a secret for the present. This, Gilbert Luttrell encouraged, as he wanted to conceal from Mrs. Morris and Barbara that the old captain was missing, until he could keep the secret no longer.

It all came out at last, for Mrs. Morris received a cablegram. The "Aspinwall" had reached port, and then it transpired that the captain had not taken charge of the vessel upon this trip, but as he failed to put in an appearance, the first mate had assumed command, as all felt a complete confidence in Captain Morris, and felt that he would not willingly have shirked his duty. But now, the "Aspinwall" having reached her destination, it became necessary to have an explanation; so the cablegram was forwarded to the captain's wife.

Of course Mrs. Morris was thoroughly alarmed at this confirmation of her secret fears and a terrible future stared her and Barbara in the face. Besides their heartbroken sorrow over the loss of the dearly loved husband and father, was the dreadful knowledge that they two helpless women were destitute. The very house in which they lived, they had no claim to; and excepting the few dollars in Mrs. Morris' possession, they were penniless. The outlook was frightful.

About that time anonymous gifts began to arrive at the Morris suite of rooms in the flat; presents of game and wine, great baskets of hot-house fruit, and bouquets of lovely flowers. And, interspersed with these were the late magazines and papers, to entertain and interest.

At first Barbara, blessing their unknown friend and benefactor, was glad and thankful, for her mother's health was delicate and failing and her appetite capricious, and she enjoyed the good things so kindly sent as much as she could enjoy anything. Mrs. Morris was evidently losing her hold on life. She was weak and thin to attenuation and had a distressing cough. And poor Barbara looked on with heart-broken eyes to see her mother fade away.

But one day it dawned upon the girl—it was Gilbert Luttrell who was befriending them. She had never liked him, but feared and detested him with all her heart. That innocent young heart saw through his mask and shrank back in horror from what she read there. She decided not to mention it to her mother, but if Mrs. Morris enjoyed the bounty which was furnished them so mysteriously, why, let her.

And then, came the crisis. Luttrell wrote Barbara a letter, offering her his heart, hand and fortune. Barbara could hardly command her temper as she read the written words. That man who was the cause of Lewis Russell's sorrow, his broken home, and ruined life, to dare approach her with such a confession. It seemed more than Barbara could bear. She confided in her mother, but poor Mrs. Morris, no longer young and hopeful, and with a clearer knowledge of what lay before them, than Barbara could possibly have, seemed not averse to a possible marriage. What would become of Barbara when her mother and only friend should be called away? And the mother forgot that there is One to whose care she might leave her child without a fear.

Barbara could scarcely believe her own senses, that her mother while not really approving such a marriage, was so troubled concerning her child's future, that she would at least make no outward objection. But the pure heart of the girl recoiled instinctively from such a marriage, and she replied to the letter with cold words of refusal. To her annoyance, Gilbert Luttrell called upon her that evening, and repeated his offer in person, which she kindly but firmly refused once more.

"I wonder that you dare make an offer of marriage to any young and innocent girl," Mr. Luttrell," she cried, indignantly. "I would not marry a man with your unclean record, not if he were the only man upon earth. You will please drop the subject in future. And indeed, I prefer that you should cease your calls here. Mamma and I are not situated so as to receive callers; certainly we have no heart to do so, and we ignorant of poor papa's fate."

"Humph!" sneered the vilalin, throwing off his mask at last, "you are ignorant of his fate, but I am not!"

Which was certainly very true, but not in the way his words indicated. But, somehow those words burst through the mists and spoke to Barbara's heart with a voice like a trumpet call. She turned upon him like a young tigress. Her eyes were flashing, her face looked as if it were carved in marble, her breath came in fitful gasps.

"You villain!" she cried in a white heat of anger. "I believe you are speaking the truth for the first time in your wicked life. Now, Mr. Gilbert Luttrell, you shall explain your words, in the presence of the authorities!"

Pale and panting, he arose and faced her, his wicked dark eyes fairly scintillating.

"You little fool!" he breathed, rather than spoke. "I meant—why, that's so—you did not know it, I fancy, for it has been covered up, for some reason or other, some partiality among the authorities; but your friend, Lewis Russell, is even now in prison charged with the murder of your father."

White as the sheeted dead, Barbara stood there silent, unable to speak or move. Then she pointed to the outer door with a hand that shook as though with palsy.

"Out of my sight, villain and falsifier!" she cried, in a quivering voice. "How dare you slander a man whose shoes you are not worthy to unlace? Here!"

She glided swiftly to the door and opening it held it open. "Leave!" she said in a low voice, hardly audible. "The man you have dared to slander and villify is the noblest man I know. Now, Gilbert Luttrell, let me never see your face again."

He obeyed her, but the look upon his dark features would not soon be forgotten by Barbara Morris. She shivered and not with cold, as she closed and locked the door behind him. Then she went back to her mother.

"Mamma, dear," she said in a hoarse voice, "never let that villain darken our doors again while we have a claim to a home. As for his base fabrications concerning Lewis Russell, they are not worthy to be noticed. Mark my words, we shall find out Gilbert Luttrell's plot before long and then you will be astonished. I would not be surprised at any villainy he might be guilty of, for if ever there was a conscienceless, wicked man, not worthy to be called a man, it is Gilbert Luttrell. Do not worry, mamma, our poverty will lighten some time. I trust in God, the Father, 'with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turn-

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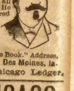

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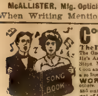

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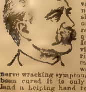

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Bitterly Wronged.

(Continued.)

ing.' Mamma, we must trust Him."

The mother stooped and kissed her daughter fondly. She realized now, all at once, the awful pit that Barbara had escaped, because she loved honor and truth more than money.

The next day Mrs. Morris and Barbara called at the prison, and requested to be allowed to visit the prisoner, Lewis Russell. A few moments later the two ladies stood in the presence of the young man. With a low cry he sprang to his feet.

Could it be possible?

CHAPTER VIII.

A LITTLE COMFORTER

Could it be possible? Or, was he asleep and dreaming? Out of all the world there was no face that he so longed to see, but had not dreamed of such a possibility—as Barbara Morris'.

She came slowly forward, her sweet, pale face hidden by the veil she wore, and followed by her mother, looking, oh, so wan and haggard. Involuntarily Lewis held out both his hands, and clasped both Barbara's small gloved ones, then he grasped the kindly hand of the older woman and held it longer han he dared hold Barbara's.

"I am so happy," he murmured, softly, the tears shining in his dark eyes, "so happy to meet you once more. I never thought to see you again. Indeed, I had no reason to think so," he added, as he recalled the nature of the charge against him, and what cause they, if anybody, had to shun him.

"You do not believe all that my enemies say against me?" he asked Barbara, softly.

"Our presence here answers the question," said Barbara, gently. "We only heard last night, Mr. Russell, where you were, and the infamous charge against you. We have missed you greatly," she added, timidly, "and could not imagine where you had gone. Answer me, Mr. Russell, is this some of Gilbert Luttrell's work?"

He did not reply, but the dark eyes turned upon hers held a condemning answer in their depths.

"Miss Barbara," he spoke, in a half-whisper, "that man says that—that—you are going to marry him. Is it true? I demand to know."

Barbara's beautiful eyes met his with a word of honest wonder in their depths.

"Can you ask that?" she cried, indignantly. "Mr. Russell, I would sooner dash my brains out against a stone than think of such a thing. To me, there is something so vile about him that I cannot breathe freely in his presence, and I shall not enter his presence more," she went on, bravely. "I have told him to never darken our doors again."

A swift light flashed into Lewis Russell's dark eyes; it looked like a flash of triumph.

"Thank heaven!" he cried, impulsively, then as he caught the look of wonder in Barbara's soft eyes, he said:

"I have feared that you might be over-persuaded by him, Miss Barbara. I have heard that he has a fascinating manner with some people." Barbara frowned.

"He could never fascinate me," she cried, "never! Do not let such an idea cross your mind again, Mr. Russell."

Their eyes met, and I think in that brief glance these two learned each other far better than years of conventional society meetings would have brought about. That call was a little glimpse of paradise to the lonely heart of the prisoner, and when Mrs Morris and Barbara went away, they left a more hopeful man in that lonely cell.

"Mamma," said Barbara, in a low, eager tone, when they were outside once more, "Mr. Russell must be set free. It will be awful if they keep him there much longer a prisoner. We must see what we can do."

But, alas, when Mrs. Morris and her daughter had visited the proper authorities in regard to Lewis' exile in prison on a false charge, they were informed that the law must take its course—that he had been accused of the crime, and must prove an alibi, or in some way exonerate himself, before he could be set free.

When the two women reached home they found a notice from the landlord, stating that as their rent was over-due, it must be paid at once, or upon a certain date, only five days distant, they must vacate the premises. Of this peremptory notice Luttrell informed Lewis and added that there was no doubt that the hapless woman would at the expiration of the five days be turned into the street. Lewis Russell's brown eyes flashed, but he said nothing. He at once wrote a friendly note to Mrs. Morris and placed his rooms at their disposal. The rent had been paid in advance, mother and daughter could have free rent and the use of the pretty rooms for nearly a year before there would be anything due. He ended by begging them to accept his offer, and claimed that it would be doing him a great kindness, and would keep a home for him, until he was free and would need one.

What could Mrs. Morris and Barbara do, but consent? So, the move was made, and they were comfortably settled in Lewis Russell's quarters and here they were allowed to live in peace. But Barbara was terribly alarmed when she found that Gilbert Luttrell had taken up his quarters in the suite of rooms formerly occupied by them. He seemed to have given up New York and the play which is assistants had in the meantime staged, and as it was a great success, Luttrell did not seem in any hurry to join them.

In vain did Clarice write, and urge him to write, declaring at length that she would be the cause of great loss to him. He seemed impervious even to her beseeching and commanding, both of which she tried by turns. Still he stayed on and on, nor obeyed the calls of duty. At last, she ceased to importune him, and then silence fell.

Mrs. Morris and Barbara were safely provided for, for the present, for there still remained a little store of money from the slender sum which Captain Morris had left them; it was not as much as he usually left them, but, he had, of course, thought his money was safe in Gilbert Luttrell's hands, and that Mrs. Morris would draw the interest, which, with economy, would keep them until the old captain's return home.

But gradually the small store dwindled away and at last Mrs. Morris saw that she must do something to eke out their small dependence. So she sought diligently for sewing and embroidery, and attempted to stab her way through the world with a needle. This is the very acme of hardship—this cleaving one's road through the ranks of the workers, with only a shining needle for a weapon. And all the time, Barbara was haunted by Gilbert Luttrell; wherever she went she was sure to meet him; even when she had begun to hope against hope, that he had passed out of her life forever, he would suddenly and unexpectedly appear before her. And although he said very little, sometimes even he would say nothing, indeed, but a mere nod of the head, would signify that he recognized her, there would always be a look in his eye which would chill the girl's heart, and make her feel like death itself. Although she knew it not, he was only biding his time; the time to strike.

Another installment of this very interesting story will appear in next week's Ledger. Readers who desire to subscribe are offered cameras and patterns free as stated on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Where Sponges Are Found.

Most of the sponges used in America come from the West Indies, where the sponges are sowed like wheat, and upon obtaining suitable size are detached from rocks at the bottom of the sea. Originally the fisheries were adequate, but they would soon become exhausted nowadays if the sponges were not planted.

How Horses Sleep.

When horses sleep many of them point one ear forward. Why this is done is not known, but it is thought to be a habit that had been brought down from the time when they ran wild over the plains and when they were compelled to be on their guard against enemies. Cattle seem to sleep without any cares, but both ears are always in the same position.

Willie—Pa, why is truth spoken of as naked?

Pa—I don't know, but that may explain why she's so seldom seen in public life.

"The Stitch In Time"

A Lesson in Practical Economy.

It must have been a woman, a mother of children who coined that familiar saying, "A stitch in time saves nine." For it is the mother who realizes how the little rent becomes a yawning tear if not promptly mended. So when little Willie comes in dragging his sled, hungry for a "piece," and his mother spies a rent in his coat she says, "Take your coat off, Willie, while I mend that hole." Willie pleads to wait until evening, but in vain—"By evening you won't have any coat left to mend," his mother says, "if I let that hole go now."

The peculiar thing is that a woman should so limit the application of a truth which she so thoroughly understands.

It's just as true of sickness as of anything else, that "A stitch in time saves nine." Women suffer for long years because of the neglect to care for the health when the first symptoms of womanly disease begin to appear. Procrastination is the thief of health as well as the thief of time. The woman who is weak or sick and who says "To-morrow and to-morrow" is doing violence to her own practical good sense, which will not let a torn garment go an hour unmended because she knows that the longer the rent is neglected the harder it is to repair.

DON'T PUT IT OFF.

If you are weak or sick do not put off for another day the timely care which will lead you back to health. That weak women can be made strong and sick women made well is proved by a multitude of women witnesses who have been perfectly and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

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A DARING DEED;

Or,

THE STORY OF UGLY MACK.

By SHELDON C. STODDARD.

Between the men of Pinerift lumber camp and those of Camp Seven, farther up the river, there at all times was a strong rivalry. Pinerift, the biggest and possibly the roughest Pinerift man, averred it existed "on gin'ral principles."

Did Camp Seven perform some particularly hazardous feat in jam-breaking, Pinerift took no peace until it had equaled and, if possible by any known means, excelled the Camp Seven achievement. Had Pinerift the champion team for hauling, Camp Seven bestirred itself diligently until it had matched the champions. The feeling extended even to the cooks and the chore boys.

Honors had for a long time been about evenly divided between the two camps, but at last Camp Seven had won a victory, to its great and ostentatious delight. Tom Patenglit, the son of Camp Seven's foreman, a strapping young fellow of eighteen, had on two distinct occasions performed feats of jam-breaking which even the older men of either camp had found it impossible to excel. Certainly none of the Pinerift young fellows had equaled the exploits of young Patenglit, and Camp Seven claimed the championship with noisy acclaim. Heretofore, the Pinerift men had fully held their own, and this, their first unmistakable defeat, rankled.

"If old Turner had only had a son, now, instead of that gal-boy of his that's afraid of the water!" sneered Velvet Joe to his mates in great disgust. "But, shucks!"

"That's so, Joe, all right enough," assented Pete Adams, a grizzled driver.

Dicky Turner would be afraid of wettin his feet, let alone ridin' a lot of rollin' logs."

Turner, the foreman, himself felt the loss of prestige that the camp had received, and several times Dick Turner caught his father's eyes fixed upon him half-reproachfully. Dick was a quiet young fellow, with square shoulders and a broad, deep chest that should have given power to endure.

On the whole, he had perhaps more than ordinary courage, but he had an uncontrollable aversion to—perhaps it would not be too harsh to say fear of—the swift, swirling waters of the river. The feeling had been born with him, and try as he might, he could not overcome it.

Well, now, if the critter ain't sheered of the water!" Velvet Joe had said, in a tone of mingled pity and disgust when the truth was first borne in upon him. And he expressed the sentiment of the camp. Young Turner, the only young fellow in their camp who suffered pain and quick-ness to attempt o pick up Tom Patenglit's gauntlet, was "sheered of the water."

Unable to overcome, at least, this "queerness," as the men termed it, they had come to feel contempt for the quiet young fellow. Half-hidden hitherto, out of respect to the sturdy foreman, the feeling now began to show current. Dick Turner understood, and it cut him to the quick, but he gave no sign.

There were things which he could do. He could not drive logs on the river, and one thing he could do peculiarly well. He had a wonderful gift for handling and training horses, and in this he had doubtless inherited from his father.

About a year before the foreman had bought a noted stallion, which for size, strength and beauty was famous far and near. The splendid animal also had the well-earned reputation of being in disposition the ugliest brute that ever pawed the turf.

He was said to have killed one trainer, and to have been under sentence of death therefore when Turner bought him. But the dauntless lumberman believed he could train the horse into submission.

But after several futile attempts and two or three narrow escapes from death, he had acknowledged himself defeated, and had confronted the animal with a shot. He seemed a pity. At least, so Dick Turner thought. Never had so gallant an animal been seen on that part of the country. And the boy's heart, like that of a certain illustrious forebear, had swelled with the desire to conquer and subdue the handsome, terrible creature.

Reluctantly and only after the young fellow had demonstrated something of his skill and power, did his father consent and give the horse into his care.

No one knew it, evidently, no one understood, not even the father, his mystic power, for most of the boy's work was done alone, but certain it is that a few weeks after the lumbermen were astonished to see that "Ugly Mack" acknowledged a master —just one in all the world.

For a few days the incident was discussed more or less in the camp, and then practically dismissed. Such a feat was out of the everyday line of work. "Nothin' but breakin' a horse, anyway." Velvet Joe said, and most of the men considered it an achievement not even worth mentioning in comparison with the deeds of Tom Patenglit, the boy jam-breaker.

The winter of 1894-5 was one long to be remembered by the men of the two lumber camps. In the latter part of the winter one of the great blizzards peculiar to the Northwest had swept suddenly down over the woods, depositing over the whole region a tremendous depth of snow. This had been quickly followed by thawing weather and heavy and persistent rains.

Unparalleled floods followed. Toward the end of the third day the river had risen to a point never reached before within the memory of any of the men, and was still rising. Traditions of the region, perhaps hardly half-believed even there, were more than verified. Wreck was impossible, and one after another all the men of Camp Seven strolled down uneasily to Pinerift to see if the two great bridges that spanned the river a short distance below it would be able to withstand the unprecedented flood. The bridges, one a wagon bridge and the other a few rods below, the railroad bridge, had been well built, and as yet stood firm. But the water was now perilously high.

Soon all the men were down by the river, and among them, strangely out except Dick Turner. That queer horror of the water had caught like an iron hand at his throat, and he could not bring himself near the main shanty of the camp he silently watched the bridges.

Suddenly a great shout went up from the men. A monster pine, undermined and uprooted at last from the place where it had nourished it for nearly a century, was rushing swiftly down toward the bridges. It missed the abutment, but a portion of the great, clump of roots tossed up by the heaving waters caught the railroad bridge.

There was a single sharp crack, and the entire span crumbled, a gap in the bridge fully twenty feet wide

And then the rushing giant of destruction struck one of the abutments of the railroad bridge below. The shock was too much for the weakened structure, and it, too, had stood so well. Even as the pier gave way the central span came down, to be swept off in the boiling torrent of the flood.

The men stood in silent amazement at the sight. A new bridge would soon have required to complete the double wreck. Suddenly some one shouted:

"Where's Dick Turner? He's due in five minutes."

It was true, and on the farther side was no living soul to give warning.

The excited men rushed out upon the broken railroad bridge, but all had stood from the yawning rent, below which the waters boiled and roared. There they stood helplessly watching the sharp curve in the railroad track, round which in so short a time the engine would come to meet its destruction.

A shout arose behind them, and there came like the wind a horse, black as night, bearing on his back a rider with white face but steady, unfaltering eyes. It was Dicky Turner's Dick and the terrible stallion.

The men shrank back and then, with a mighty thunder of hoofs, the ugly, half-wild creature leaped upon the bridge. Angry at sight of the men, with a loud "Ugly Mack" and then the astounded lumbermen saw the great horse rise in the air and shoot out over the flood. And the three landed fairly upon the broken planks of the railroad bridge.

A shout went up, a shout that horror checked, for the treacherous planks gave way, and down upon breast and haunches came the gallant horse, down and slipping backward toward the swift water.

But the horse had a determined spirit. Again came the sharp command, and as if on springs of steel the stallion once more struggled forward, only to go down again upon the treacherous planking. A broken, jagged joist had caught him in the neck, and the men could see the deep, three-cornered out, from which a small red stream

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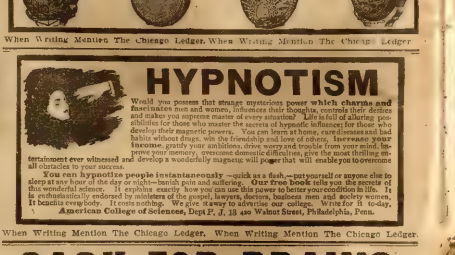

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A Daring Deed.

(Continued.)

as trickling.

Still unsubdued, the stallion plunged on, and this time reached the firm, unchain, and this time reached the firm, unbroken floor. Then with a bound he left a bridge, and splashing girth-deep across the overflowed creek below the road, he rambled up the incline to the track, and a moment later disappeared, still at a gallop, around the curve.

Benson, the engineer, was scanning the track closely as the train swung down the grade toward the curve that had sinking ade toward the curve that had sinking ver bridge, when he was startled to see through the gathering mist a horseman gallopping up the track straight toward the train, and gesticulating wildly. In an instant the whistle bellowed out its hoarse call for brakes.

And then the watching lumbermen saw number 17 swing round the curve with engine reversed and brakes set, still sliding forward on the wet and slippery rails, but stopping at last twenty-five feet from the mired bridge.

The firemen and presently a number of men rushed down from the train and ran forward. They looked at the twisted, broken rails that reached out over the tumult of waters below, and the broken wagon bridge above, with its crowd of watching lumbermen.

The fireman, remembering the warning horseman, turned and explained, and a troup of men instantly started up the track.

The ugly, half-wild creature dashed upon the bridge.

Directly they found him whom they sought, a young fellow standing by the road-bed in his shirt sleeves, unmindful of the rein into which the heavy mist had thickened. He was bandaging with narrow strips that he had cut from his coat an ugly cut, fatal wound in the neck of the big black stallion, whose proud head drooped by his shoulder.

It was a number of days later, and the men of Pinerift lumber camp at dinner, when Dick Turner once more went up the path that led past the main shanty. He walked slowly and with a limp, for his leg had been badly bruised during the scramble on the bridge. Over his arm was the bridle of the black horse, which also walked with an unsteady, shuffling gait—a gait that would, however, soon regain its former ease and vigor.

The young fellow cast a half-apprehensive look at the camp as he went by, and wondered if he were to undergo more of the old treatment. He turned off at the little path that led to the rude shed in which Ugly Mack was used to being isolated, but stopped midway in surprise. A clean, new stable stood in the place of the shed, and above its door were the words, "Ugly Mack."

With a quick thrill of appreciation, young Turner led the horse into the handsome stall and fed him sparingly from a generous supply of corn thrown up in one corner of the building.

Coming out presently, he was surprised to find all the Pinerift men awaiting him. He tried to thank them, but Velvet Joe cut him short.

"We're glad if you like the hut, young feller," he said, "and it ill do you any good to know it, I tell you now that them ain't a man on this job but what'd give his last dimes'pire, and the cost of his back if necessary—to buy corn for that ugly critter in yonder. And as for you, young chap," the voice of the big fellow softened, "why—well, this crowd is goin' to give a kind of a salute and a cheer for the bravest thing that ever struck Sinking river."

And by way of "salute" the big lumberjack caught the young fellow up, and on brawny arms and shoulders carried him in triumph back to camp. Big Joe swung his hat, and the men sent out a cheer that shook far up and down the river.

Camp Seven caught it and at once divined its meaning. The rough, bearded crew—rivalry for the time being lost in the finer feeling of admiration for a brave deed well performed—sent back an answering cheer.—Youth's Companion.

Life in Washington.

While Senator Beveridge of Indiana was making his duty call on the president a few days ago he happened to mention that while in the Philippines he had ridden over a good part of the island of Luzon on horseback.

"Good horses over there?" asked Mr. Roosevelt.

The Indiana statesman shook his head. He added that he was simply famishing for a good gallop at that very moment.

"Just the man I am looking for," declared the president in his impetuous way. "I want some one to ride with me today. We'll go just as soon as I get rid of these people."

Senator Beveridge pulled himself up being a pretty fair athlete for a man of his size, and he accepted the proposition. At 4 o'clock he was waiting for the president to make his appearance. The senator was mounted on a splendid saddle horse, he had on the same clothes and high silk hat that he had worn when in the president's office. Mr. Roosevelt had taken off his statesmen's togs and was attired in a business suit with the soft felt hat which he wears when riding.

"There'll be some badly jostled up senatorial dignity when they come back," remarked the detective who follows President Roosevelt on his outings as the president and the senator started out.

The ride was over the river into Virginia. An hour and a half was spent in the saddle and when the two horsemen returned to Washington their mounts were covered with sweat. President Roosevelt's hat was pulled down well over his ears but Senator Beveridge's silk tile was as smooth and sat as jauntily on his head as when the start was made. The president had let out a little on the country roads, but he did not even ruffle the senatorial dignity.

The ink used by the various departments of the national government now is said to be absolutely indelible and permanent. For years efforts have been made to secure such a writing fluid. Manufacturers were invited to submit samples of the product which they believed would come up to the specifications in this regard. These samples were turned over to the government chemists and submitted to all sorts of tests. Of all the ink manufacturers in this country only two sent in a product which approximated in permanency and indelibility what was desired. After some years of experiment these two inks have been so improved that it is believed any document written in them will remain legible as long as the paper or parchment upon which they are used hangs together. The third brand of ink which has stood toe government tests is imported from France.

The chemists are now working to secure a typewriter ribbon which will give everlasting impressions. The present ink used in ribbons appears to be all right, but typewriters have not been in use long enough to discover what effect time will have on the ink. The importance of good ink, the officials believe, cannot be overestimated. The original copy of the Declaration of Independence is pointed to as an evidence of its assertions. This historic document is preserved in a glass case in the library of the state department. The ink on it has faded out and it is practically nothing more than a yellowed sheet of parchment. Both of the words "declaration of independence" are decipherable but the body of the document and all the signatures are entirely gone with the exception of a pen mark in the place where John Hancock signed. The first draft of the declaration, which was written by Jefferson, however, is in a good state of preservation. The ink has not faded in the least and one can see the corrections made by Franklin and Adams as plainly as though they had been written in recently. The original constitution of the United States is also in good shape.

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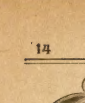

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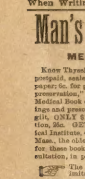

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The Second Deluge.

(Continued from page three.)

na's part. George Chalmers was at that very instant in the company of Jhung Moolta, and had been all the morning."

Jhung Moolta was one of those curious dependants on a great house whom the very rich in India so frequently take under their wing and provide for. Jhung Moolta, left to himself, would have pursued his favorite study of astronomy and have quietly starved to death, for he had no idea of how to earn a price, save by the rudest kind of labor.

Holkar Runjeet and he had been friends for nearly twenty years. The only reward that the Hindoo ever received for his magnanimity towards Jhung Moolta was the remark made on the occasion of a great state dinner, when Moolta, having been trotted out and asked to air his knowledge of the stars, did so with such eloquence and learning that a celebrated American astronomer who happened to be present, had declared that he was a "real genius."

That occurred, too, at a time when Runjeet's faith in Moolta was just beginning to wave like a little bit, on account of his persistent statement that the earth would be completely destroyed by comet in the year 1904.

Rana asked, however, how it would come about. Moolta would reply that that was his business; that he was still working on the question, and that he would be satisfied before the collision took place, it was not a question pressing for immediate answer, anyhow.

In person he was a small man, with very bright eyes, and a head surrounded by folds from constant observations of the heavens, which he made by night. The turban which Holkar Runjeet had caused to be erected for him in one of his gardens, and in which he had promised Moolta should slept and took his meals, which were brought to him three times a day by a native servant.

He had caught sight of Chalmers hobbling along in the distance, and had immediately descended from his tower and greeted him with:

So when Rana was playing for Chalmers' benefit, Chalmers was sitting in the observatory of Jhung Moolta, and was busying with all his ears to a very marvelous fairy tale with which that eccentric personage was regaling him.

For Jhung Moolta was telling him of the coming cataclysm and was exhibiting to his calculations, was then not so remote.

Inclined to laugh at first, Chalmers gradually found himself impressed with considerable attention. The instruments with which Moolta sought to verify his suppositions were very rough, altogether out of date, he knew. They were, in fact, more like the ancient instruments used by the professional astrologers of the east. All the same, Chalmers saw that Jhung Moolta was extremely clever in their use and his interest grew when having sent a servant for his own more modern instrument of observation of the sum by which Jhung Moolta had declared the comet was then in longitude of the observatory they then sat in and found that the latter was within three minutes of the correct answer.

"You are nearly dead right, Jhung Moolta," said Chalmers, when he had gone over his figures twice. "Though how in blazes you got the work out of this thing, I don't know," and he held the queer instrument of the Oriental, and regarded it wonderingly.

It was apparently nothing but a triangular stick, with a hole bored in two of its sides, and a movable bit of wood being fitted so that the light shone through them, along its edges. This crude astronomical instrument, in addition, was marked with the most curious hieroglyphics, the characters of which were totally unintelligible to the European, but seemed to be alive with intelligence for the latter.

"You are a real genius."

Jhung Moolta started violently.

"You think so?"

"Do I think so; I know so, Jhung," was the sailor's reply.

Jhung Moolta arose from the squatting posture which he generally assumed when in conversation, and went quietly to the solitary window of his observatory.

The Hindoo, having first satisfied himself that no one was in the grounds, then began to move very slowly the hood of the observatory. Ten minutes elapsed before the circuit was completed, for about every two feet Moolta would stop and take a minute inspection of the adjacent shrubbery.

Finally he came back, advanced on tiptoe to the door, barred and fastened it, and approaching the Englishman, said to him in a voice but a little above a whisper:

"Would you like to hear my great secret?"

Jhung Moolta came nearer yet. His lips quivered with excitement. His voice was sunken to so slight a whisper that Chalmers could barely catch the words he uttered, but for all that they came with a ring of conviction at any rate that left the faced him there, his dark face aglow with extraordinary emotion, the veins in his forehead standing out like whipcord as he worked in what he was saying.

The sentence was robbed of half its absurdity as the Hindoo gave it utterance; his voice barely audible in the unnatural stillness of the room.

"This world will be destroyed by a comet in the year 1904. I can prove it."

CHAPTER VII.

Chalmers made up his mind that he was the victim of a pseudo-scientific lecture. He sighed himself as easily as he could on the table, and composed himself to listen with what further patience he could summon to his assistance.

"The history of astronomy, as you know," said Jhung Moolta, by a comet is a remote period. In fact, it is one of the most ancient of the accepted sciences."

Chalmers groaned inwardly. The Hindoo had begun at the very beginning and it promised a long session of his learned discot. He indicated, however, by a polite inclination of his head, that he was listening, and his host proceeded.

"I exclude astrology, of earlier origin yet, probably, as, indeed, from the dissent of the Copernican system, no sensible person believes in it."

Chalmers, at this point, began to grow interested in spite of himself. The air of quakery of the man, the gloom of a nameless atmosphere of scientific humbug conveyed by the room, and the impressive look the form of the Hindoo, rigidly drawn up, and almost majestic in the glow of inspiration which shone from his dark eyes.

Then he resumed. "It has been claimed that to the Chinese belongs the honor of having been the first to investigate the heavens. This has been disputed by the Chaldeans, Egyptians, Arabs and even the Greeks, who, it is claimed, conducted observations of quite an advanced nature long before Christ's advent era. This is, for whatever their claims may be, these people were all wrong.

"The Hindoos were the first to reduce the divine art to a real science. With all the other peoples mentioned astronomy was a vague notion built up out of crude speculations that in every instance lacked the basis of systematic and indefatigable observation. Have you ever heard of the Tirvalore Tables?"

"I can't really say that I have," was the sailor's answer.

"The Tirvalore Tables antedate your calendar, which begins with the birth of Jesus of Nazareth by over three hundred years. Scientific men of the present day have laughed at my claim that the epoch —three thousand, one hundred and two years before Christ, to be exact—constituted the dawn, noon and plainest occurred. They have contended, moreover, that the Tirvalore Tables, in which an observation of that phenomenon is duly recorded, are of such a character as would indicate that they are far in advance of what astronomical science has achieved at this period. Such proceedings must have been forged at a period much later."

The Hindoo paused for a moment and then went on:

"The scientists are all wrong. The tables are correct. There was a conjunction 2,000 years ago of the sun, moon and planets. It would be due again in about nine hundred years from now, but long before that the catastrophe which I have referred to will have overtaken this planet, and so we need not concern ourselves with a phenomenon which even our descendants will not live to see.

Whatever sign of scepticism may at first have been apparent on the frank and ingenious countenance of the young sailor had now completely vanished. A vague wonder, not perhaps totally unmixed with a feeling akin to terror, had taken hold of him. While he could hardly believe his ears, it was impossible not to be shaken by the man's earnestness, the man who like an inspired seer, had actually predicted the extinction of every living creature on the face of the earth in 1904.

WEAK MEN CURED FR

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The Second Deluge.

(Continued.)

"You were talking about Tirvalore Tasmade," he said. "How do you connect them this trouble which you say will come the earth's crust from now?"

will come to that directly," answered astronomer. "I mention them primarito show how the greatest scientific rds of the centuries may be totally at where really important principles are lved. I know these tables to be corand the product of the best astronomiscience of the age in which they pur- to be written. The evidence I have in own possession, and it is indisputable." What evidence have you got?" inquired mers, in a whisper, which was almost this" answered the Hindoo.

aising his hand under the table, the asorver pressed upon a secret spring and aver was exposed suddenly to view. the drawer was a small package, the ppings of which looked like leather. whole presented an extremely ancient somewhat dilapidated appearance.

he Hindoo passed before he untied the them those which encircled it, placed finger to his lips and exclaimed, in a h which was so low as to be barely au-

his is the evidence. It is written on ce of gold. Many times have I been ly starving, but I have never been tempted to pledge or sell them. ing Moolten took four small gold s from the package, and these he now ed out upon the table.

rlis extraordinary story will be continin next week's Ledger. It develops of the most startling and remarkable ations ever conceived as the story progs. All subscribers are offered free ras and patterns as announced on s thirteen and fifteen.

uch of man's trouble is due to the fact when he takes a drink he insists on another to keep it company.

In Old Kentucky.

"It's no use talking, colonel," said the village postmaster, "your argument went hold water."

"Water, sah!" exclaimed the colonel, indignantly. "Who said anything about holding water, sah?"

No Hope for Him.

Fair Visitor—What is this poor man in prison for?

Jailer—For murdering his wife, ma'am.

Fair Visitor—Oh, what a pity. But isn't he sweet, though!

Jailor—Yes, ma'am. He's too sweet to live.

Reaping the Whirlwind.

(Continued from page seven.)

landscape our party remained upon deck, straining their eyes across the sunlit waters for a last glimpse of the home they had left to the ravages of the piratical hordes, the home where they had been so happy and from which the fortunes of a relentless war had driven them.

"Onward, to victory or to death, to wear the bay leaves of a victor, or the cypress of the slain," mused Elson Howard. "Ah, well, whatever befides I am happy now, blest with the affection of the one dearest of all on the wide earth, and the knowledge that I have a life more precious than my own to guard will nerve my arm in the hour of battle."

"Amen!" breathed a deep voice, and turning, he saw Lieutenant Chilton standing at his elbow.

In the hazy distance the grim gray walls of the beleaguered city were looming into view, ancient, mysterious, with the grima of centuries lying thickly upon its streets, while without the gates the handsome residences of the foreign population loomed up in a green oasis planted by the hand of civilization, like modern palaces amid the tombs of the Pharaohs.

And here, reader, you and I will bid our friends God-speed.

(The end.)

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The first day you take the treatment you will be benefited. The second day you will feel an improvement. The third day you will note an increase of strength. The fourth day will show a gain both mentally and physically. The fifth day you will feel like a new man. If you suffer from any form of Nervous Decline and Spermatorrhoea, Nervousness, Impotency, Night Sweats, Palpitation of the Heart, Nervousness, Confusion of Ideas, and loss of Memory, you can positively be cured by "CALTHOS," but if the disease has progressed to the stage marked by the formation of Epilepsy, Consumption or Insanity, we cannot promise complete recovery.

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Interviewing Three Lions.

It is all very well to stand and look at a lion through the bars of a cage. You can watch him pace up and down, tossing his mane and lashing his tail, and admire him to your heart's content, but you'll never fully realize the significance of his title "King of Beasts" until you interview him single-handed and unarmed, in his native wilds.

That's the way I met him, one night, down between Great Bear and Gadsmas. If you don't know where those places are—they've somewhere near Salisbury, and Salisbury you can find on almost any map of Rhodesia. It isn't far south of Zambesi river, I'd been doing some mechanical engineering work in that part of the country, and when it was finished, I started to ride into Salisbury on my wheel. At first I followed along the line of the railway extension, but where the railway had to cross the Umfuli river, the bridge wasn't put up yet, and I have to go out of my way to find a place to wade and carry my bicycle.

I had crossed and climbed on the opposite bank, and was sitting there for a minute, when what should I see but three magnificent sable making their way up out of the river on the opposite bank. They were headed for a forest beyond, and they were bound for me. I tell you that made me stay to watch them out of sight, for it was going to be a very soft job to reach them before dark, anyway, so I picked up my wheel, turned my back on the sable, headed—and there I was, with a big male lion—three terrible lions, not fifty yards away from me!

The largest was a huge black-maned fellow, the second was a lioness, and the third was an almost full-grown cub. They were so intent on stalking the sable that for a minute they didn't see me, but instead the cub gave a growl and made at me. I had just time to see that he carried a broken bone in the wake of the cub—then I dropped my wheel and made for the nearest tree. It seemed a mile away—and how I got there and climbed it is a mystery to me yet.

Just before I reached the branches, there was a terrible roar, and the big lion made his spring, missing me by a few inches. His big claws tore away the greater part of my khaki trousers, as it was, and left some deep scratches; but I was still alive enough to pull myself higher and shrink in among the branches, exhausted, panting, and trembling in every limb, and with the perspiration pouring out of me in streams. The tree was a small mopondo, only about eighteen feet high, so that I didn't feel any too safe. I can tell you, with those big creatures raging below and making frantic springs that brought them so close I could feel their breath.

But even in the midst of it all I couldn't help an undercurrent of amusement at the sight of that cub whirling the front wheel of my bicycle like a child with a new toy, and then munching the handle-bar like a stick of candy. I believed that bicycle saved my life, by keeping the cub pugged and busy.

From my perch in the tree I spied a hut about three hundred yards away, and just before dark a strong breeze must have wafted the lions to scent the sable again. They began to pay less attention to the bicycle presently, bounded away, but I waited half an hour before I came down and, even then, didn't go back for my wheel and the gun strapped to it, but just made for the hut by means of quite serious runs from tree to tree. There was no roof, but I could fasten the door, and after making a big fire, I went to sleep.

In the morning I ventured out. No lions were in sight, and the cub had left me enough of a wheel to ride to Salisbury, where I arrived none the worse for the experience—except the great scare.

Inconvenient.

Willard went to his first circus not long ago, and for the first time in his life saw a giraffe. He was greatly interested in this strange animal, with such a dreadfully long neck, and stood before it absorbed in wonder and speculation. As the animal made no effort to lower its head while Willard watched, the little boy came to the conclusion that it was impossible for it to do this.

"What do you think of that tall fellow?" asked the father.

"He's got a awful long neck," said Willard; "I bet they half t' stand on a ladder t' feed him, don't they?"

To Manage a Boy.

A boy is like a bicycle, because he cannot stand alone. He needs a steady hand to direct his way. He runs the easiest down hill. He has lose control of him to break his heart if not your head, says the Home Magazine. He is not made to travel on bad roads. The straighter you keep him the more safely he runs. The fast he is the more closely must his guide stick to him. He needs "blowing up" once in a while just like a tire. Moreover, he should never be run by more than two cranks.

Highest of Waterfalls.

The highest waterfall in the world, geography tells us, is the Cerosois cascade, in the Alps, having a fall of 2,600 feet; that of Arvey, in Savoy, is 1,100 feet, and the falls of Yosemite valley range from 700 to 1,600 feet. But higher yet is the waterfall in the Rio Cuyatas canon, in the state of Durango, Mexico. It was discovered by some prospectors, ten years ago, in the great barranca district which is called the Tierras Desconocidas. While searching for the famous lost mine, Naranjal, a great roar of water was heard. With great difficulty the party pushed on, and up and down the mighty chasms until they beheld the superb fall that is at least 2,000 feet high.

Raised Pussy's Salary.

Some time ago the cat of the St. Paul postoffice made a record by slaying 125 rats and mice in one month. In recognition of her ability the postmaster wrote to Washington, asking an increase in her salary, and she now receives $6.00 a year. Soon after she showed her gratitude by presenting the government with five kittens, each of which entered the United States service as soon as it was old enough to tackle a rat.

California Condors.

A bird believed to have become extinct is the California condor, twice as large as the condor of the Andes, its length was 10 feet; weight, twenty-five pounds, and spread of wings, twelve feet. An egg of this bird is worth $1,000 to collectors, but none has been found for seventeen years. Eggs of the golden eagle sell in San Francisco for $25 each.

A Kangaroo Ranch.

An Arkansas planter is making arrangements to start a kangaroo ranch. The hides are valuable, and the tendons much more so. The latter can be split extremely fine, and are the best thing known to surgeons for sewing up wounds and especially for holding broken bones together, being much finer and tougher than catgut.

Why Birds Never Take Headers.

In answer to the query "Why Birds Never Take Headers," Robert S. Stark says, in Popular Science News: "If the bird is flying up there is not much momentum to be lost, but what little there may be is overcome by the wings and tail and by the grip of the bird's feet. When flying down, the wings and tail are spread, acting as a parachute, so that the bird does not drop as a dead weight on the perch.

"In case it is flying ahead, the body is carried in practically a horizontal position. Now, when it wishes to alight, its body is tilted, inclining the axis of the body toward the vertical. Thus the feet are brought into position to grasp the perch and receive the impact. Its momentum then brings the bird to the proper position on the perch. If the momentum is too great, the tail is spread and carved downward and a flit of the wings checks it from going too far. When there is no perch or anything which the bird can grasp, as alighting on a flat surface, it gives a hop or two before coming to a standstill, especially noticeable in heavier birds. A bird has to learn the 'accomplishment,' as young birds often take headers when learning to fly."

Claimed the Credit.

"If thee is a very good girl, Jeane, thee may go with brother and myself up to Philadelphia and take lunch with father, but thee must not fret or be troublesome, but do all thee can to make a happy day."

This was the caution the Quaker mother gave her little maiden, and they went to the city and met father and had lunch, and Jeane was on her good behavior, conducting herself with superior dignity, and the day had been a happy one. That night when the two children knelt at their mother's knee, the boy prayed:

"O Lord, we thank Thee that Thou hast given us such a happy day."

Then Jeane interrupted: "He didn't do it at all, did He, mamma? It wasn't God at all, but what made the happy day, it was me."

A Good Boy.

Mamma—Teacher tells me you were very naughty in school yesterday. Why did you not tell me yourself?

Tommy—Why—you always told me not to tells tales out of school.

Fun for Schoolboys.

The German Navy league has arranged for several thousand schoolboys to take part two days with the fleet under expert guidance. They will be instructed in the workings of warships. They will come in relays, beginning each September, when nearly the whole German fleet will be at Kiel. The object of the plan is to make patriots of the lads.

Obeyed Orders.

Johnny was chopping wood one morning and, every time he lifted the mouth full a piece of cake in his mouth. His father saw that Jule retarded his progress, and he wanted the wood chopped as soon as possible; so he kindly told Johnny that he could not eat and work at the same time.

Going out some time later, the father saw the hatchet lying on the ground and Johnny eating to his heart's content.

"What do you mean by doing this?" asked the father.

"I'm only following your orders, pa," replied Johnny. "You said I couldn't eat and work at the same time."

The First Spelling Lesson.

A tot of 4 years sat propped up at a table, leaning on her dimpled arms, the yellow curls falling over her puzzled brow, while she profoundly contemplated some painted blocks, each containing a letter of the alphabet. Two of these blocks had been placed together before her, and she was told they spelled "at."

"Well," said she, "I see the B and I see the A, but I don't see the 'Ba.'"

Johnny Wanted Jam.

Mamma was serving the jam pudding.

"Johnny, why you take only little piece?"

Johnny—Yes; will you give me the end piece?

Mamma—But why do you wish to have the ends, Johnny?

Johnny—Why, when I was in the kitchen I heard Mary say to cook: "Put a good lot of jam on the ends, cook, because, you know, the ends are always left for us."

She Had Work to Do.

A tiny maiden of 3 years, hurrying away from a scarcely tasted breakfast, one morning, mamma called to her to stop.

"Scuse me, mamma, I must go to work."

"And, pray, what business is on hand today?" asked the mother.

"I must go and help Dod to untwist the mouth' glories," was the innocent's reply.

If Prince Henry likes us as well as he says he does why don't he come around and stay a room for a nice looking fellow like him.

This Big SLEEPING DOLL With Chair FREE

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one and one-half feet in height, imported direct from Europe for us. The doll has a beautiful Bisque head, blue eyes, pearly teeth, long, natural, golden, curly ringlets, hat, dress, shoes and stockings that can be taken off, lace trimmed underwear, automatic sleeping eyes (goes to sleep when put to bed). Elegantly and stylishly dressed. A magnificent creature of dolldom, sweet and pretty as a picture, and will be a source of endless pleasure and amusement to the little ones.

Understand this is no printed cloth or rag doll that has to be made up and stuffed, or a cheap paper doll, but such as some mothers and girls will be confident will please you. Understand we give you both Doll and Chair for selling only 20 Collar Buttons and no more. This is an extraordinary offer and cannot be duplicated by any other reliable concern. We will guarantee to trust you right, and shall expect the same treatment in return. Your credit is good with us and we trust you for the buttons until you sell them.

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